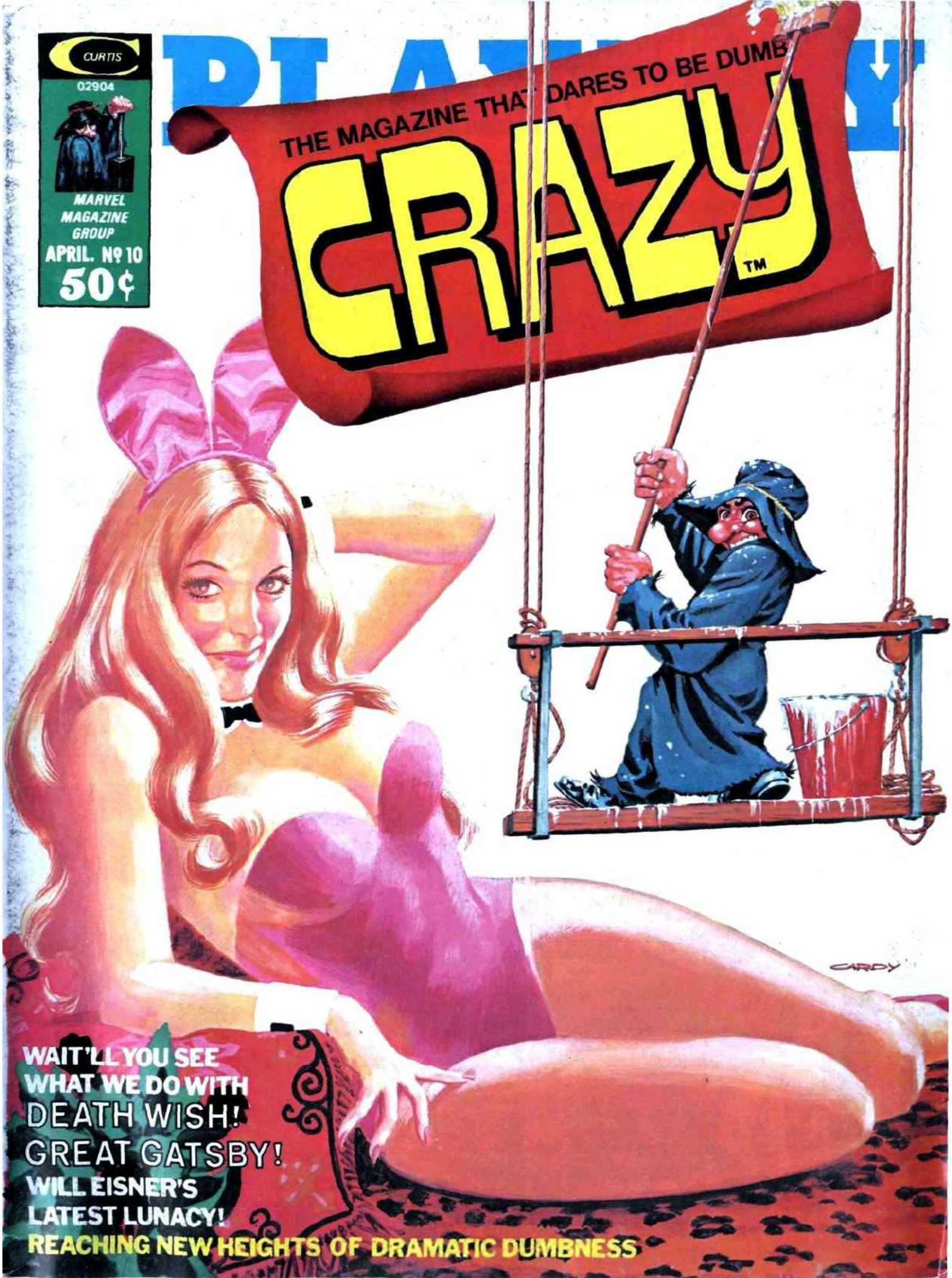
CURTIS
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MARVEL MAGAZINE GROUP
APRIL. Nº 10
50¢
THE MAGAZINE THAT DARES TO BE DUMB
CRAZY™
CARDY
WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT WE DO WITH
DEATH WISH!
GREAT GATSBY!
WILL EISNER'S LATEST LUNACY!
REACHING NEW HEIGHTS OF DRAMATIC DUMBNESS

"IT REMINDS US OF THE TASTE OF WILD HICKORY NUTS!"

CRAZY MAGAZINE is a natural magazine.It has no artificial humor and no preservatives. (Well, maybe just a dash or two of formaldehyde.) It contains comics, articles, special features, and has a flavor that reminds us of the taste of wild hickory nuts. It contains 75% of the vitamins recommended for magazines by the United States Department of Nutrition. So doesn't it make quite a bit of sense to subscribe to CRAZY MAGAZINE-the natural magazine?

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STAN LEE presents

CRAZY™

Number 10
APRIL, 1975

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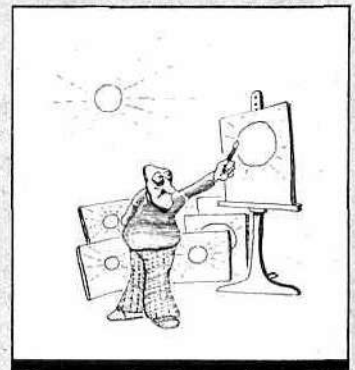

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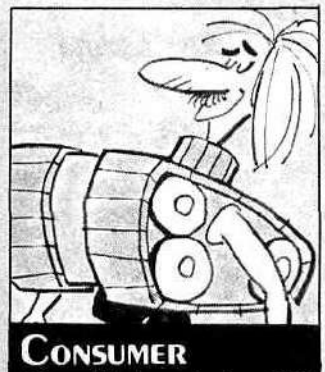

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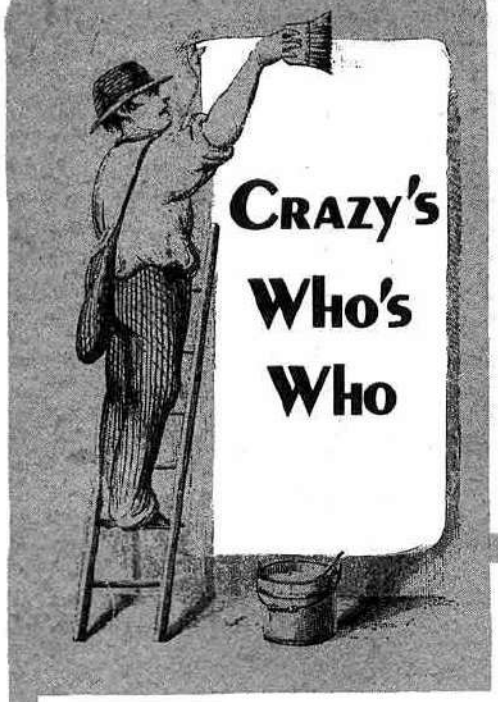


Hi there. Remember us—? We're the editors who bring you each delightful, fun-filled issue of CRAZY, America's third-best selling humor mag, and the mag which eleven out of twenty seven drill-sergeants recommend for stopping bed-wetting. Well, we sure made a mess out of the last issue, didn't we? After all, though number nine was merely the ninety-third most brilliant thing ever produced by man (right after Ex-Lax and "My Mother The Car), we still goofed by leaving out the credit lines. That meant you didn't know whom to blame for their collective travesties.

Well, to correct the problem, we've decided to take this very valuable space by mentioning everything that appeared in our last ish and exactly who you can send the bombs to. Get ready, no cheating, and remember, you will be taking a multiple-choice test later to determine how accurate your memory is.

CHINESETOWN, that lovable spoof of America's favorite '30's movie was written by STU SCHWARTZBERG (A German sheepdog in heat) and illustrated by VANCE RODEWALT (whom we all remember as playing the title role in "Plan Nine From Outer Space," where he starred as the nebulous void of space). CRAZY's USELESS MACHINES was written and illustrated by DANIEL AZULAY (a robot rejected by

DEAR CRAZY;

I've just seen a copy of CRAZY #8, and I'm afraid that Dr. Moose has become a bit confused on some of his dates. Contrary to what he stated in his *History of Moosekind,* Part VIII, the First Reich commenced when Charlemoose was crowned by Leo the Herd on Christmas Day, AD 800. It lasted until 1806, when the last of the House of Hoofsburg resigned the title "Holy Roman Herder." This is known as the Thousand Year Reich, since the final six years didn't really amount to much.

Furthermore, Dr. Moose must have had his notes completely mixed up when he wrote the paragraph about Germany's composers. George Frederich Hoofel, who is associated more with his adopted England than his native Germany, was indeed eighteenth century (although it was his contemporary, Johann Sebastian Buck, who was more often baroque.) However, I can't imagine how Dr. Moose could ever place Beathoofin or Wagmoos in this era. Beathoofin straddled the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, closing the classical and opening the romantic era with such works as the Mooselight Sonata and Pastoral Symphony. Wagmoos, moreover, was a nineteenth century romantic composer. (It was one of his nineteenth century romances that caused his expulsion from the court of Moowik "the CRAZY" of Baherdia.)

I really am amazed that as noted a historian as Dr. Moose would make such errors. I suspect he wrote this article in the local Hoofbräu Haus, after sampling a few steins of Elchenbräu or Dortmooser.

ROGER WELLS
2526 Cedar Crescent
Port Orchard, Washington

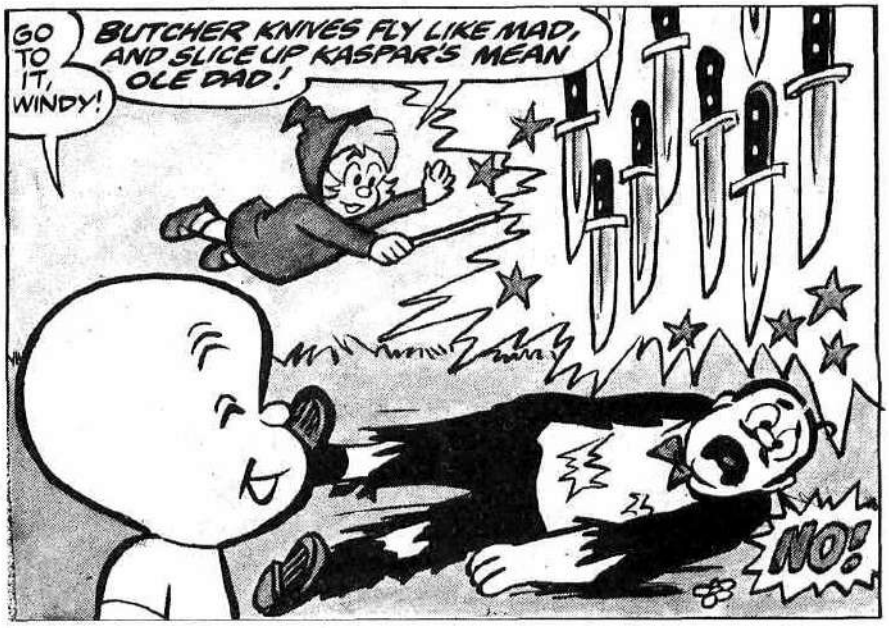
You may be right, Roger, yet Dr. Moose insists that he has spent little if no time at any Dortmooser, yet he does admit to having occasionally sipped a Bloody Moose or two.

. I think your sickening "humor" mag is *stupid* and *dumb!* I guess that's why I haven't missed an issue since #1.

GREG PERRY
Tulsa, Okla.

At a newsstand I don't work at my love life was questioned when I bought CRAZY. The checkout girl asked me how come I bought CRAZY when they had Playboy for sale. I looked her straight in the forehead (she was 5'6" tall and I stand 6 feet tall, which is all I stand for, but that's another story). Anyway, I said, "Sex I get in real life, my humor I have to buy."

CRAZY #8 changed my opinion of your magazine. After reading #7 the only thing I thought was funny about CRAZY was the fact that someone would buy it. I must say, I truly found #8 to be humorous. I've read it three times already, which gives you an idea about



Walt Disney studios). CRAZY'S RADIO SHOW was the brainchild of our lovable editor MARV WOLFMAN (an all-around nice guy who pays the bills so we better not say anything nasty about him, blues). Wolfman also screwed up POLI-TICKLES, and ROBERT GRAY-SMITH (a freelance spy for a very famous tuna fish company whose name you would instantly recognize) drew the blamed story. Our WRESTLING mag was written and drawn by MIKE RICIGLIANO, who doesn't exist, and is actually a figment of our imagination. As usual, BOB FOSTER put together our embarrassing MOOSE feature. We can't get rid of it or Bob, who is currently being held captive by the F.B.I., who can't get rid of him. STEVE GERBER put the finishing touches to UNDERGROUND ALMANAC and RAMBLINGS OF A CRAZY MAN, while VIC (who bears an uncanny resemblance to the state of Arkansas) MARTIN pencilled and inked the two dumb pieces. BOB FOSTER (yeah, him again) and WILLIE ITO (the less said about him the better) produced CONSUMER CONFIDENTIAL, while JOHN STEVENS, who is secretly the President of France, threw together CRAZY'S CRAZIES. Our NEBBISH story was the joint production of MARV WOLFMAN (plot), STEVE GERBER, (script), and MARIE (Please, not during office hours) SEVERIN. MICHELE WOLFMAN, who can not be photographed because she is a vampire, photographed our inside back cover.

Now, for all of you who wanted to write about how bad our last issue was, please do, and name the culprits. We have made extra room on the rack and in the torture chamber (where we make them read back issues of "Cracked" and "Sick" Magazine) for the guilty parties.

In the meantime, get off our backs, and don't bug us. We promise to list all writers and artists in the future, unless one happens to have relatives living in the old country.

how valuable my time is. Truly an enjoyable issue. One I will remember all my life, which is more than you can say about this letter.

LAWRENCE LOFTIN
2214 Emerson Street
Monroe, Louisiana

Your oh ha ha ha ha your (gasp) last issue oh ah ha ha ha was so FUNNY! Ha! ha ha hee hee please (sigh) ha ha ho ha refund giggle ha ho oh ho ho yuk hyuk hyuk subscription oh oh ha ha hee.

ELIOT GREENBLATT
5533 N. 3rd St.
Phoenix, Arizona

No!

You probably won't print this, but I'll try. Your magazine is all right, but it's much too like other magazines. All mags like this are trash. But what's 50¢?

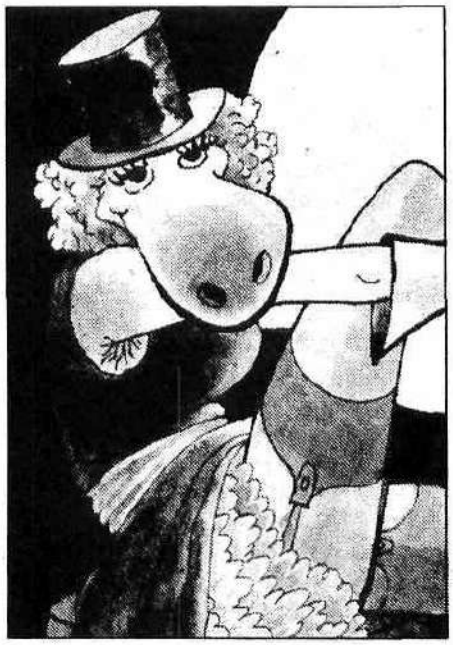
BART NEALE
Coffeyville, Ks.

Half a dollar?

Issue number five was the first issue I'd read of CRAZY and I thought you were incredible. That month you were far superior from Mad.

But I got a little disappointed with the following number. Some ridiculous ideas like "The Funeral Game." I could save two sections: "Man, Myrth & Magic" (which made me just smile) and the really exceptional "History of Moosekind." I regret having lost parts I to IV. Bob Foster is great but I think he forgot one thing (or maybe he didn't and I ignore it because I didn't read any issue 1 to 4): the contribution of Moosekind to Rock 'n' Roll Moosic.

Here goes a little guide to Foster to the forthcoming issues: in 1965 we had



"The hoose of the rising sun" by The Animooses. A great English group appeared in the beginning of the decade leadered by Moose Jagger. Arantle Franklantle, influenced by the ideas of Dr. Melville Moose, sang "Chain of Mooses." In her album "Arantle Now!" she sang "You're a sweet, sweet moose."

Great singers helped poop moosic to shine brighter; people like Arthoose Conley, Martha Reeves & the Vandellooses. Groups like The Beach Mooses, Brian Moole & The Tremelooses, The Five Amoosicans and others.

Playing Rantle & Bloose style we have, until now, John Mayoose and B. B. Kantle among many others.

In the album "Hendrix In The West," featuring the late Jimoo Hendrix, he played "The Queen (British National Antle)."

Nowadays there are people like Grantle Funk Railroose, Alice Mooser, Moozy Quatro, Led Zeppelantle (featuring lead singer Robert Plantle), James Broose, Frank Sinantle and, even in France, descendant musicians from Moose ancestors, Charles Aznavoose and Richard Antleny.

And I recommend the singles "Moosebye to love" by The Carpantles and "Amos mooses" by Jerroo Rood.

If you like pure Rock 'n' Roll Moosic you must have at home: "Roll over Beethomoose," "Rock aroose the clock" and "Johnny B. Moose."

Keep going like you were in issue number five. Sincerely yours,

SERGIO DE AQUINO VIDAL GOMES
Rio de Janeiro, 11/11/74
GB—BRASIL

P.S.: For those Crazy chairmen who like music, I should recommend a very old song called "Dumbalaia."

I think "Commercials That Drive You CRAZY," "Kockeyed Kanvas," and "Just Plain Folks" are the greatest, and I think you should put them in every mag. I liked your "White House Transcripts" in CRAZY #7, but "Police Gory Story" and "Kaspar The Dead Baby" were the funniest.

JEFFREY GARCIA
2646 Newcome Ct.
Sacto, Calif.

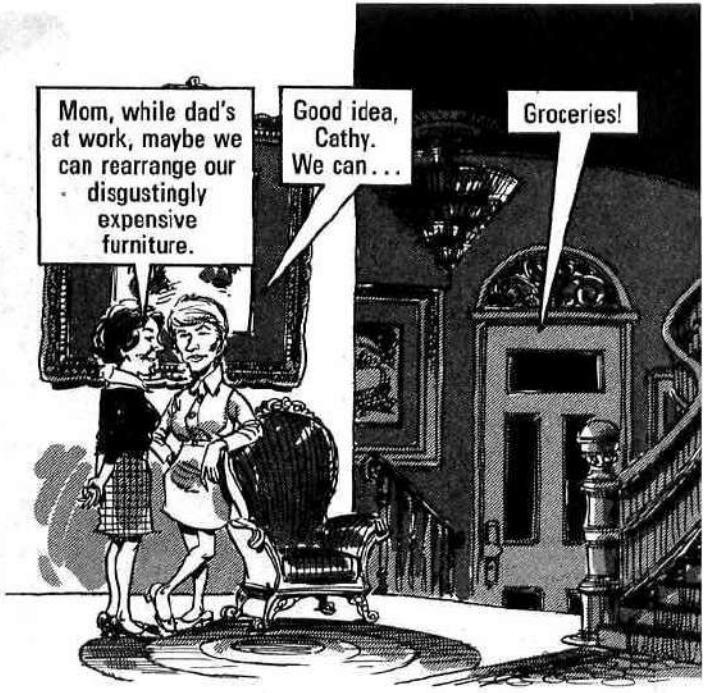
Send all letters, postcards, dirty pictures, and old tax forms to:
CRAZY
c/o Marvel Magazines
575 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Here's our version of the movie where this guy kills all the people intent on doing him great harm—and gets away with it. Got that, gang? Okay, now load up your little guns and stride over to that certain teacher or co-worker or whoever—and start blastin'! You'll love watching their final . . .

DEATH TWITCH

Writer: STU SCHWARTZBERG Artist: VANCE RODEWALT

So you're not going to tell me how you and mom got these pineapple shrapnel wounds?
It's a **long story,** Cathy. I **will** say that it's **great** to be back in New York!


Mom, while dad's at work, maybe we can rearrange our disgustingly expensive furniture.
Good idea, Cathy. We can...
Groceries!

Hi! We're a cross section of exploited minorities who are **really** here to beat up you rich people!
One black—one Puerto Rican. Check. Now who's the bald, lighter skinned fellow supposed to represent?
The American Indian, stupid!
I can **dig** it! Carry on.

That's **terrible**! **Revolting**! Do you realize it costs 82¢ more than it did **last** week to feed a family of four in the Metropolitan Area?
FFT

Your son-in-law called from N.Y. Hospital. He said something terrible happened at home when the groceries were delivered.
Don't **tell** me. I'll bet it costs more to feed a family of four in the Metropolitan Area.

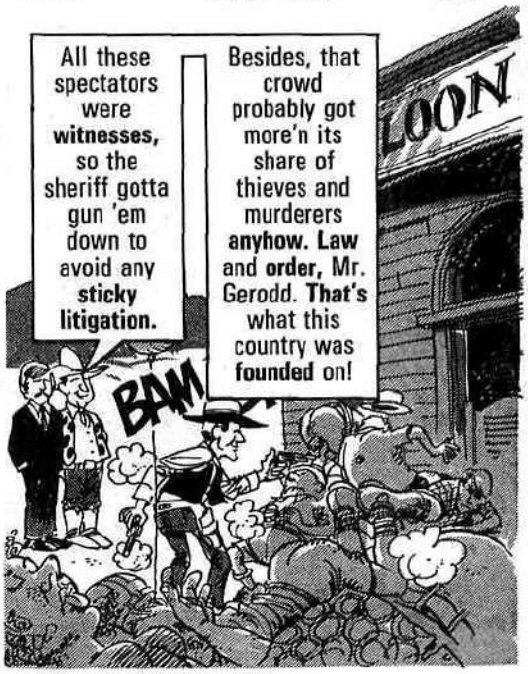
What **happened,** Harry? **Tell** me!
Bad news. Three thugs murdered mom and painted Cathy's tush red—and forced her to commit Ringalevio and play Johnny-on-the-pony.
YOU MISSED FORM 4-C!

Flying out here on business is a good way to take my mind off what's happened.
Ringalevio and Johnny-on-the-pony! My God!
TUCSON AIRPORT AND GENERAL STORE

I figured you might wanna see this staged shoot-out before we got down to business, Mr. Gerodd.
Right there we got the sheriff facin' up to two bad guys.
DRY GOODS

Yahoo! Kill those lousy horse thieves, sheriff! Ain't that realistic, Mr. Gerodd?
BAM
BAM
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

B-but that was live ammo! Those guys were really shot!
Yeah. We find that their look of surprise when the bullets hit 'em makes it look more realistic.

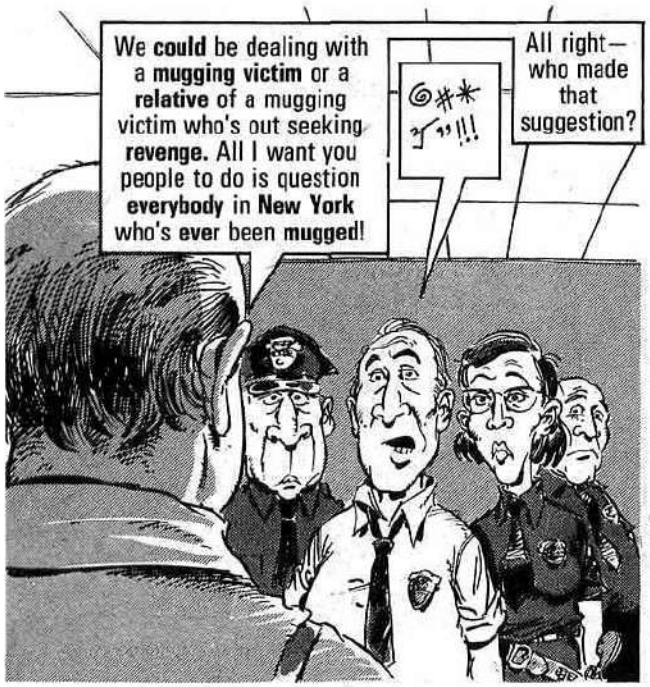

All these spectators were witnesses, so the sheriff gotta gun 'em down to avoid any sticky litigation.
Besides, that crowd probably got more'n its share of thieves and murderers anyhow. Law and order, Mr. Gerodd. That's what this country was founded on!
BAM
LOON

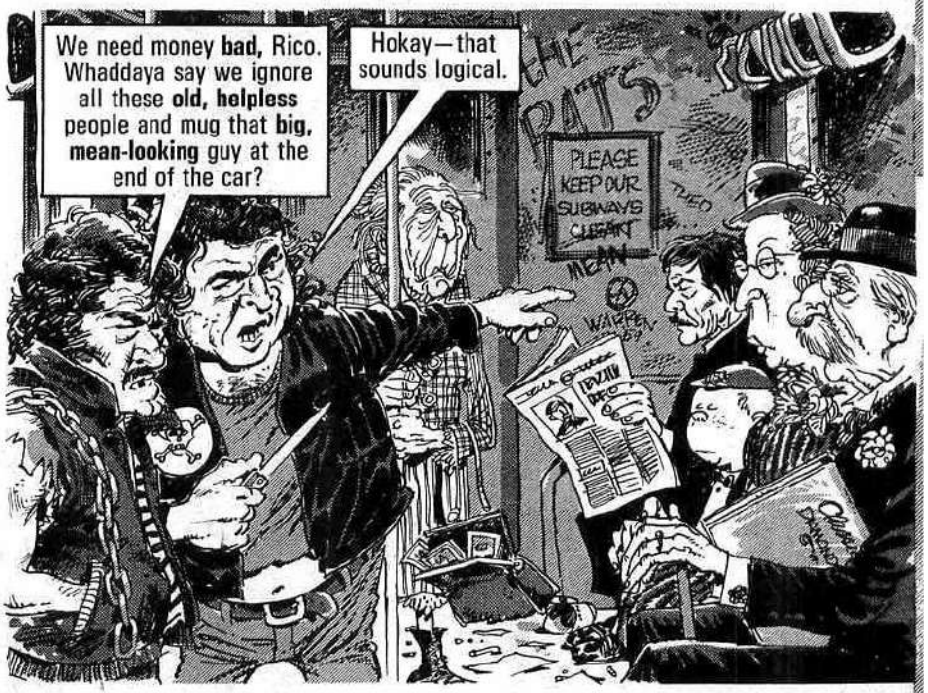
I want you to take this present with you when you go back to New York, Mr. Gerodd. It'll make you feel a little safer in that crummy city.
I can't imagine what it could be.

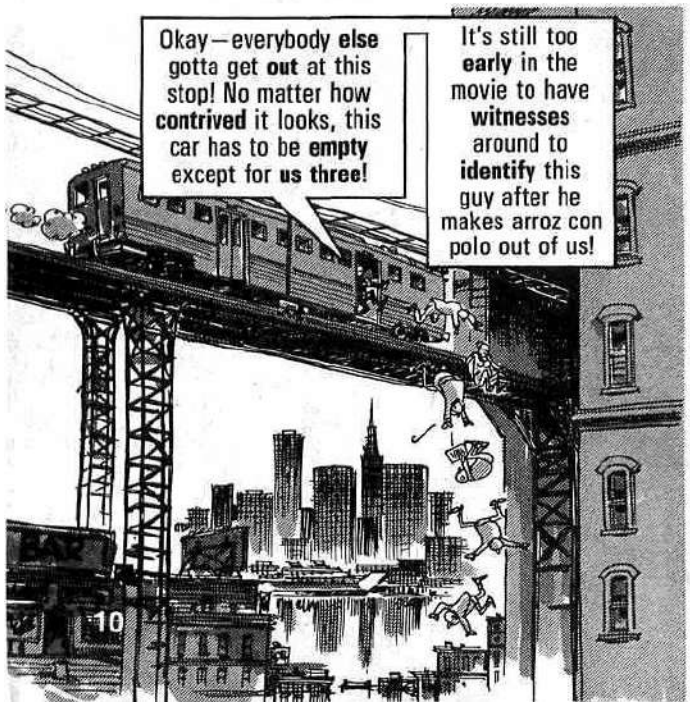
Days later, at New York's famed London International Airport—
Something's wrong—I can tell! Cathy's taken a turn for the worse, right?
BOO HOO
RESERVATIO
Florida

I'm glad you're back, sir. The shock of all this has—uh—really **changed** Cathy.
Let's go to the hospital. I want to see her **now**!
I'm **sorry**, sir—but your daughter is nothing more than a **vegetable.**
Cathy. (Sob)
Donating Cathy to the Salvation Army Soup Kitchen Program was my last good deed as a Caring Liberal.
No more Mr. Nice Guy!
Ah, **good**! There's always a mugger around when you **need** one!
CENTRAL PARK
This is a **stick-up**! Gimme all your money or I'll **kill** ya **dead! Really dead**! I **mean** it, man!
Well...now that it has been fully established that I have been duly provoked and I am in dire jeopardy...
BANG!
BAM!
BAM
BANG!
BAM
BAM!
The next day
This dead guy is a **known mugger,** lieutenant. It's possible that he was killed by an **intended victim**!
Just drag him out of sight. The lunch crowd is beginning to gag.
What **luck**! I go out looking for muggers and find **three** of them playing **football** with that **old man**!
Three points!
BOOT

BAM!
ICK!
AAK!
Don't shoot me, man! I **give up!**
Why did you shoot me, mister? **I said** I give up.
YAHOO!
BAM! CLAP!
YAY!
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!
I couldn't **hear** you. Movie audiences all over the country were **applauding** too loud!

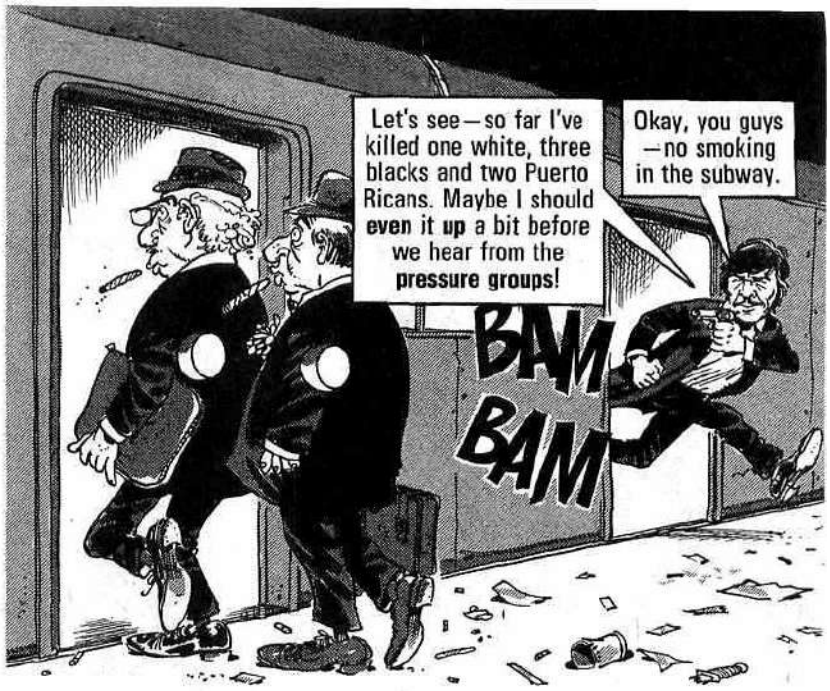

We **could** be dealing with a **mugging victim** or a **relative** of a mugging victim who's out seeking **revenge.** All I want you people to do is question **everybody** in **New York** who's **ever** been **mugged!**
@#*
All right—who made that suggestion?

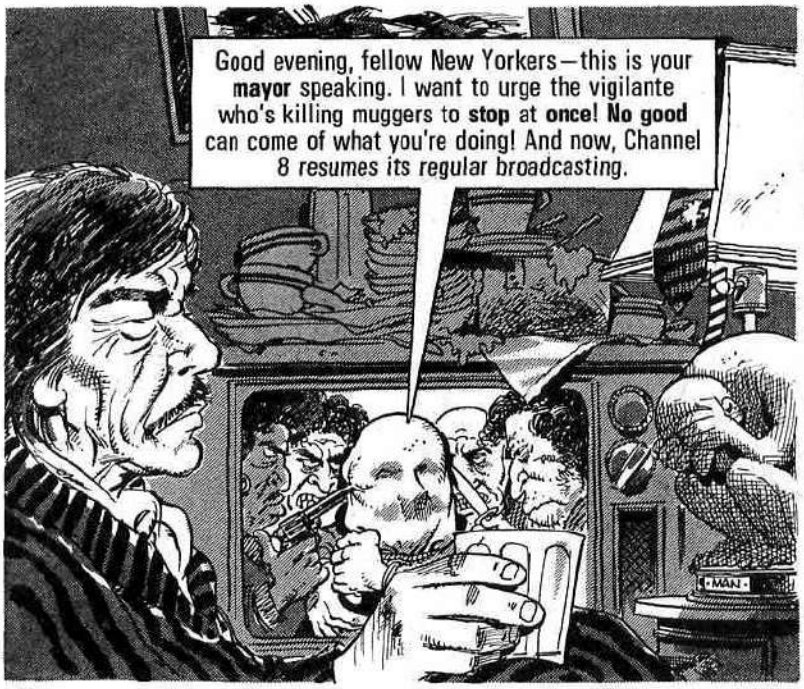

We need money **bad,** Rico. Whaddaya say we ignore all these **old, helpless** people and mug that **big, mean-looking** guy at the end of the car?
Hokay—that sounds logical.
PLEASE KEEP OUR SUBWAYS CLEAN


Okay—everybody **else** gotta get **out** at this stop! No matter how **contrived** it looks, this car has to be **empty** except for **us three!**
It's still too **early** in the movie to have **witnesses** around to **identify** this guy after he makes arroz con polo out of us!

Hey, mister—I wanna read the **comics!**
No, I think I wanna read the **sports page**—or maybe **Dear Abby.** How about the **racing results?** Maybe you got the **Dow Jones closings?** Haw! Haw!
CUT
SLASH
RIP

Pardon me—this is my stop.
BAM
BANG!
BAM
POW!
GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE I KILL PEOPLE


Let's see—so far I've killed one white, three blacks and two Puerto Ricans. Maybe I should **even** it **up** a bit before we hear from the **pressure groups**!
Okay, you guys—no smoking in the subway.
BAM
BAM


Good evening, fellow New Yorkers—this is your **mayor** speaking. I want to urge the vigilante who's killing muggers to **stop** at **once**! **No good** can come of what you're doing! And now, Channel 8 resumes its regular broadcasting.

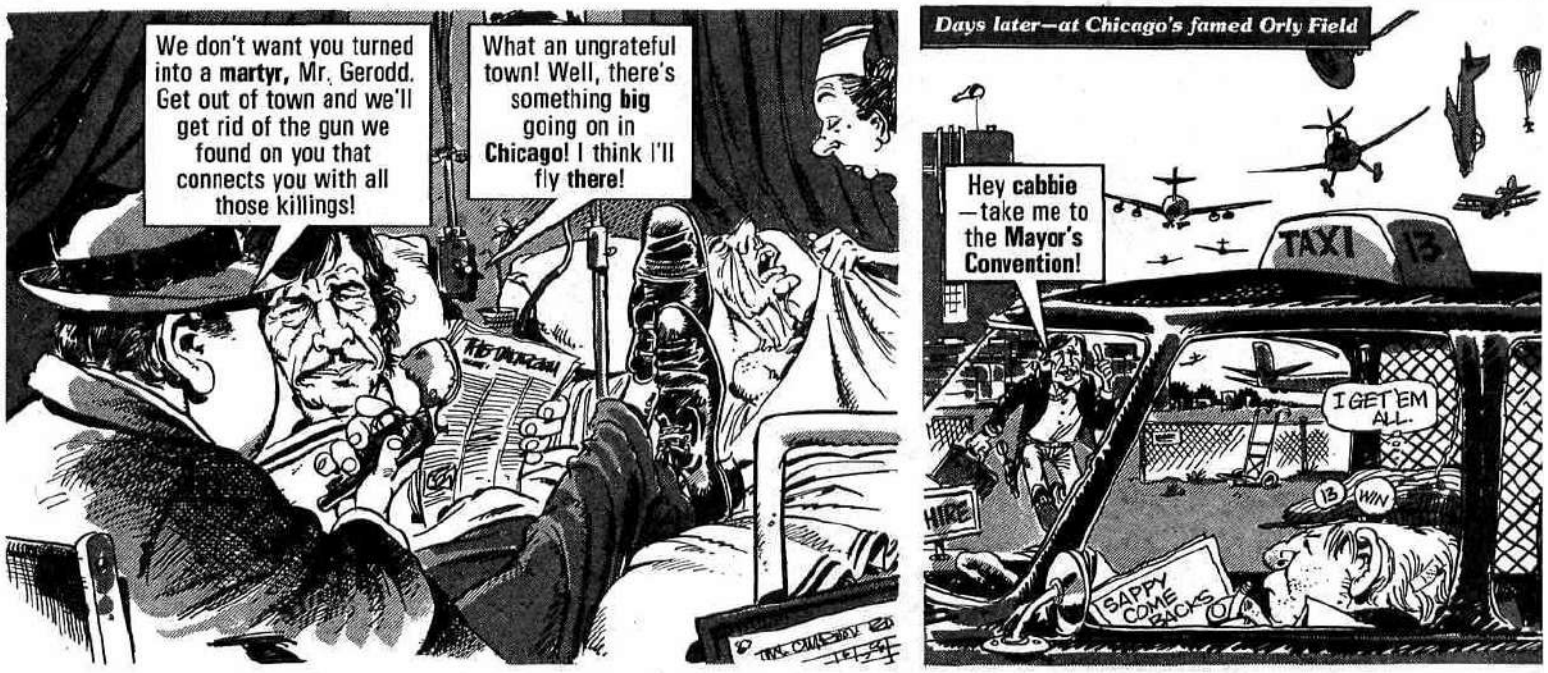
Boy, you'd think I'd be **happy** over the coverage I'm getting in the Daily Star, the Daily Gazette and over Channel eight. Right?
Wrong! New York **doesn't have** a Channel eight. **Or** a newspaper named the **Daily Star or** one named the **Daily Gazette**!
DAILY STAR
VIGILANTE SOUGHT
DAILY GAZETTE
HUNT VIGILANTE

Until this town starts taking me **seriously**, I'm gonna have to stage a few **more** incidents!
Hey, **boy**—I wanna pay for my Jimmy Dean Sausage with this here **$50 bill**!

Okay. Time for another showdown in another conveniently empty subway station.
Get **back**, please! **Movie** being shot.
TO TRAINS
WASTE
HELP KEEP

BANG!
STAB
BAM!
You killed my buddy! Well, what're you waitin' for? Kill me!
You I finish off with—heh—heh—rubber band and paper clip!
Let it go! Let it go, already! I can't stand it!
Heh-heh. Paper clip.
Now that's cruel!
I think our man is Paul Gerodd. The vigilante was seen carrying a supermarket shopping bag. Gerodd lives near that supermarket—and his family was recently assaulted by thugs.
Does this mean we can stop checking on everybody in New York who's ever been mugged?
The vigilante was stabbed on his last job—and from the looks of what's inside Gerodd's medicine chest, I'd say he is our man!
These three clips of 30 calibre paper clips just about wraps up the case!
HOW TO TREAT STAB WOUNDS J. PIERCE
BAND AID
30 CALIBRE
PAPER CLIPS
I thought I told you to have the men harass Gerodd into stopping his vigilante tactics!
I did tell 'em—but look what's happening!
C'n I have your autograph?
I asked him first!
NO WRE CKING 4-6
Well, well—they're finally giving me coverage in real, live actual publications! Still, another shoot-out may be in order!
Hello, Central Casting? One black, one white and one Puerto Rican to meet me at the 60th St. entrance of Central Park in two hours.
THE VIGILANTE
NEWSWEEK
THE N.Y. VIGILANTE
NIXON'S THE ONE!
NO CHECKS
CRAZY WHAT VIGILANTE?

Yer right on time, boys. **Draw!**
POW! BANG! BANG! ZAP BAM ZING ZOT
APPLAUSE
@ #%@ honky!
@ #%@ shvartza!
BANG!


We don't want you turned into a **martyr,** Mr. Gerodd. Get out of town and we'll get rid of the gun we found on you that connects you with all those killings!
What an ungrateful town! Well, there's something **big** going on in **Chicago!** I think I'll fly **there!**
Days later—at Chicago's famed Orly Field
Hey **cabbie** —take me to the **Mayor's Convention!**
TAXI 13
I GET 'EM ALL.
13 WIN
HIRE
SAPPY COME BACKS

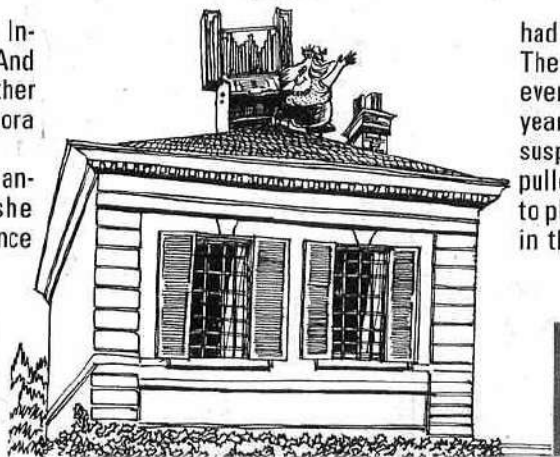
CHICAGO (THAT WONDERFUL TOWN) Welcomes the 41st MAYOR CONVENT
So I let 'em **know** I'm **coming**—and just let the offers **pour** in!
I'm the mayor of **Detroit**! Our city will pay **well** for your services!
If you come to Los Angeles, **we'll** write you up in **real** newspapers! Honest!
Newark will pay **more,** Mr. Gerodd!
BEGIN LINE HERE
HAVE YOUR OFFER READY
HI-YO SILVER! POLISH

JUST PLAIN FOLKS, No. 4

CRAZY'S Collection of Forgettable Characters

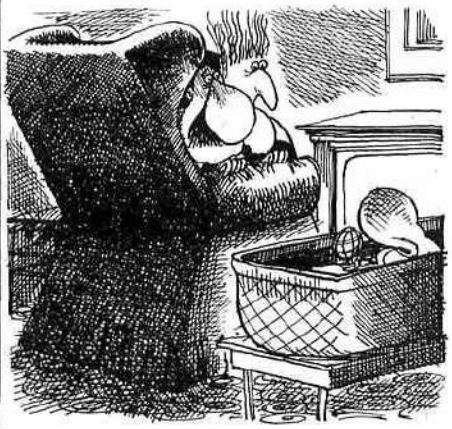
Almost everyone in South Bend, Indiana, knows Theodora Yoxymosh. And with good reason: at one time or another in her long and checkered life, Theodora has probably been on their roof.

No, she doesn't install television antennae or telephone wires. No, she doesn't repair shingles (though she once had a mild case of them back in '37). Theodora plays the pipe organ. And every afternoon for the past eighty-two years, she has descended upon some unsuspecting home, climbed to the roof, pulled her organ up after her, and begun to play "Nearer My Crawlspace to Thee" in the key of A-flat. It's the only song



Writer: STEVE GERBER

Artist: ROBERT GRAYSMITH



she knows, but she spices up her concerts with improvisations, so the playing can go on for hours, unless the police or her husband (Rancidor Yoxymosh) show up to drag her down.

Theodora was born in South Bend in 1893, the proud daughter of two rather ashamed parents named Lester and Goonahga Austere. Her greatest ambition in life, from the time she was seven years old, was to become a fantasy.

"When I was just a young 'un," she says wistfully, combing the long strands of silver-grey fishing line out of her face, "my maw and paw gimme a book called **Brouhaha, Wood Nymph of Absurdity**. I read thet book over 'n' over 'n' over agin, jes' tryin' ta figger thet lady out. She flew around on a meatball with a giant magpie on her shoulder what's name was Awe. When I asked my maw about Awe, she said, 'Aw, it's jes' a fantasy.' But I kinda got to like ol' Brouhaha so I decided to be one, too."

Theodora's first attempts at becoming a fantasy were, naturally, imitative. She stole three head of cattle from a nearby farm, ground them up, and made a giant meatball, but she was unable to make it fly. So she turned her efforts in another direction.

"I always liked organs. Any kinda organs. Pipe organs, human organs, worm organs, house organs. So's I figgered I'd make my fantasy about organs."

At the age of nine, she discovered roofs. And she could not keep the combination out of her head. Roofs and organs. Roofs and organs.

"I started out at first by throwin' pig organs up on roofs. Thet was when I was eleven. People'd come out an' ask whut I was doin', an' I'd say, 'I'm Theodora, the fantasy!' An' they'd laugh, an' then the pig organs'd fall down on their heads and they'd git angry. So I quit that."

She didn't discover the possibilities in pipe organs until she met Rancidor, who was a travelling salesman for the Throckmedock Organ Company. He bought Theodora from her parents, and she was sold. One night, when he was on a trip to Kansas City, she stole an

organ from the basement, carried it to the top of City Hall and began playing. Almost instantly, every dog in South Bend woke up and began howling. "It was like magic," Theodora says. "I was jes' playin' whutever notes my fingers went to, but the dogs sang along, the cats commenced to square-dancin', and then, next thing I knew, my organ fell down."

Since then, she has devoloped an elaborate system of pulleys, ropes, and clamps to keep the organ in place as she plays. But she has encountered other problems.

"People think I'm berserk," she says. "I try to tell 'em thet, naw, I'm jes' a fantasy, but nobody listens. They'll pelt me with tomatoes, potatoes, watermelons, wrenches . . . anythin' to make me stop my music. But I like it. I squeeze the to-

matoes on the keys and play some more. Sometimes I dance on the keys an' duck the flyin' tomatoes as they come. Someone once threw a pencil sharpener at me, though, an' it struck right there on the tip o' my nose. I laughed an' laughed and turned the crank, and tossed down the shavin's."

Her husband refused to comment because, in his words, "You media always blow everything out of proportion. My wife's jes' got a little problem is all. We'll cure it, given time."

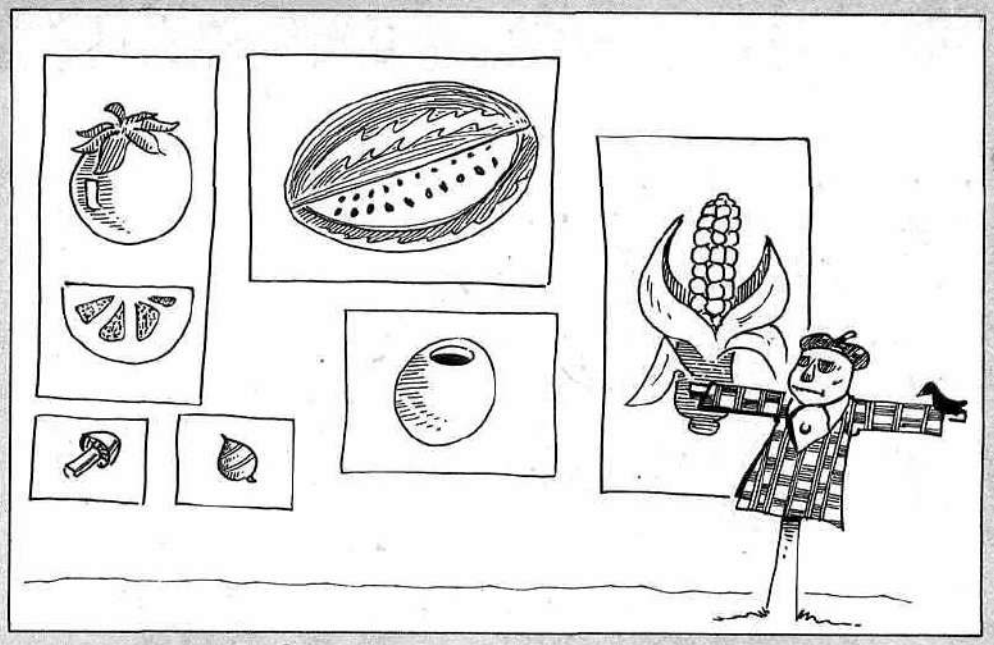
Theodora has been playing organs on roofs now for 64 years, however, and she doesn't consider it a problem.

"I plan to die when I'm 104," she whispers, "but 'til then, I'm gonna be haulin' organs wherever I go."

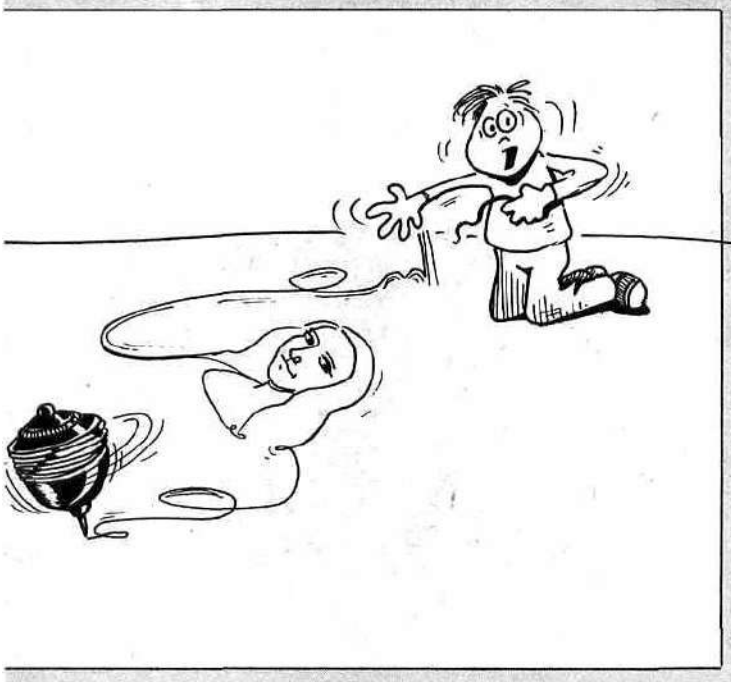
A true American spirit. A true example of rugged individuality and ragged berserkness of the mind. Theodora Yoxymosh, Organer On The Roofs of South Bend, Indiana.

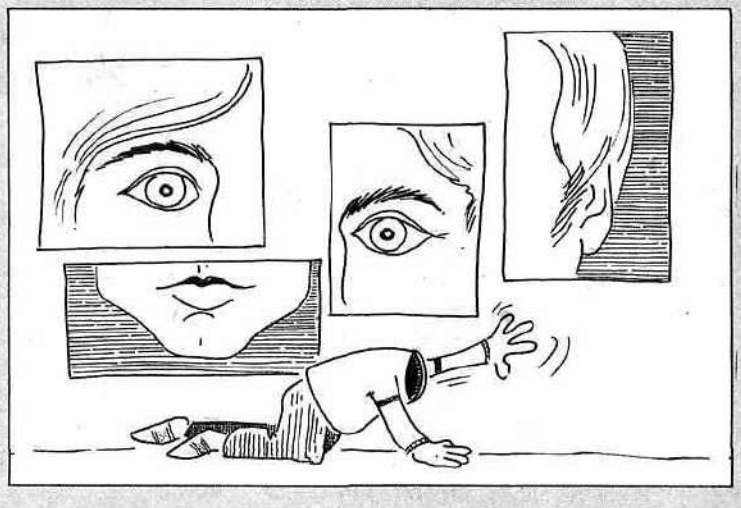
END

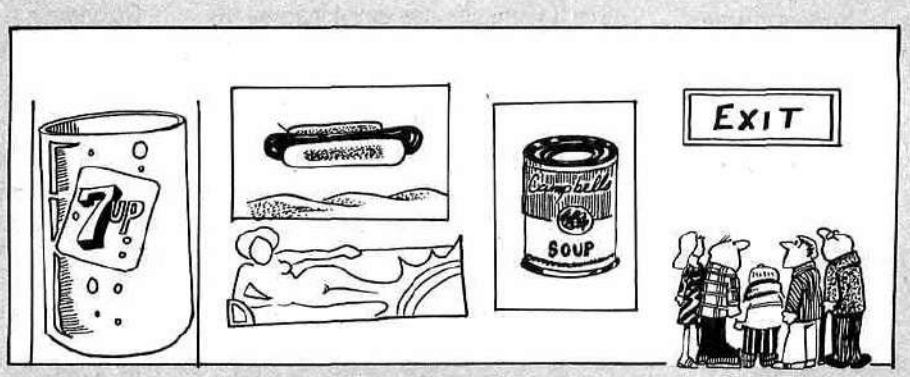
Here's another go-around with CRAZY'S dumbest feature . . .



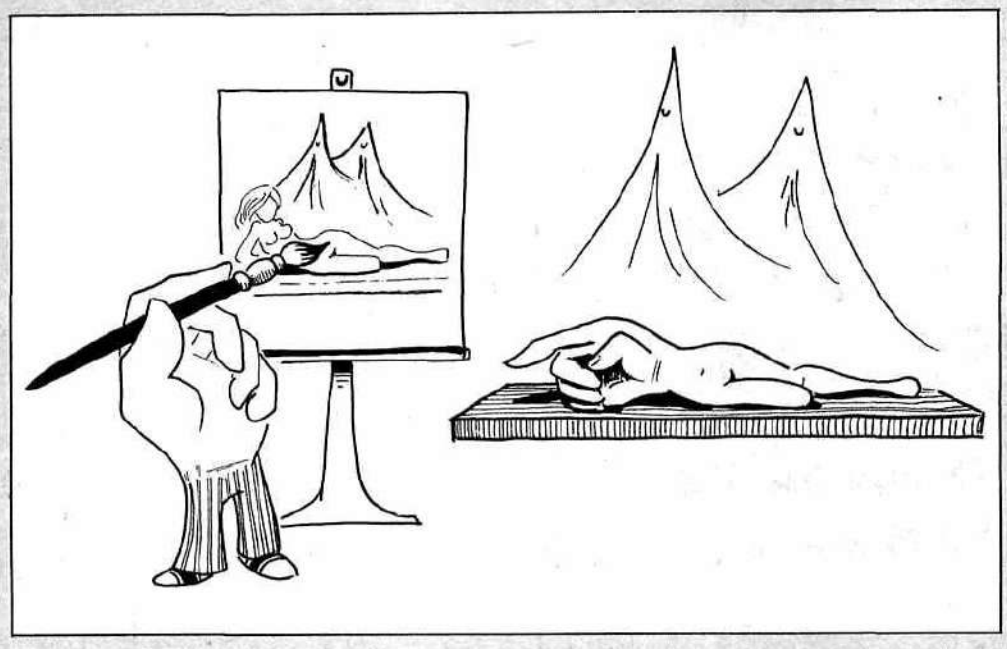
CRAZY'S ARTISTIC CRAZIES

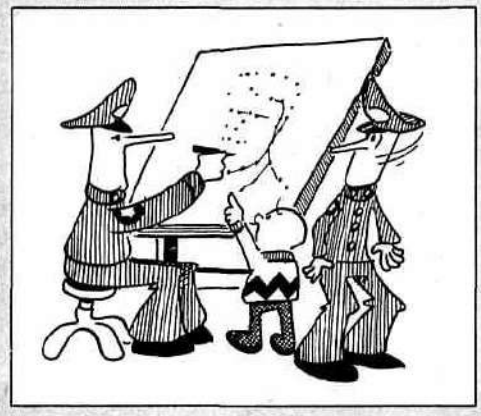


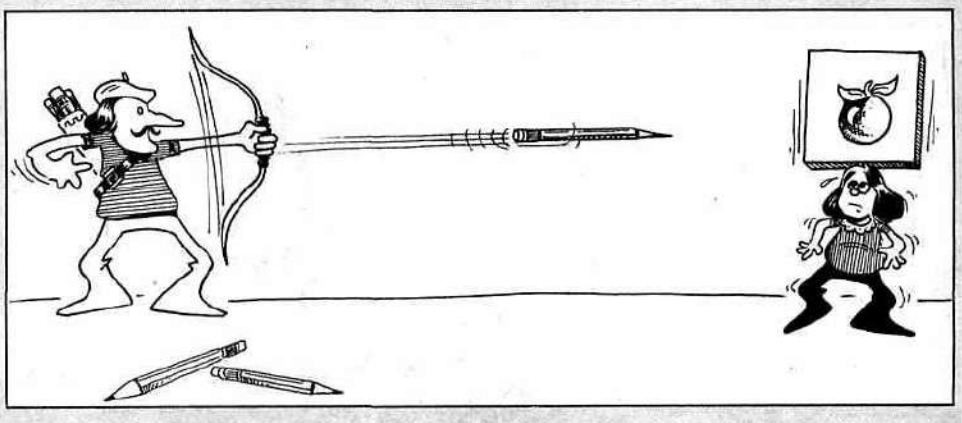


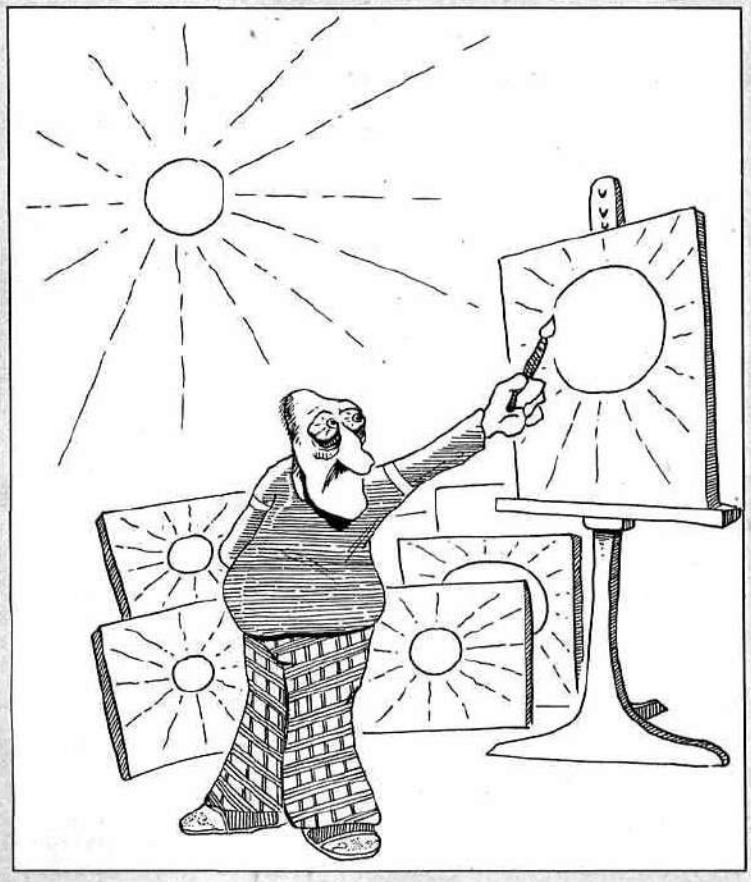


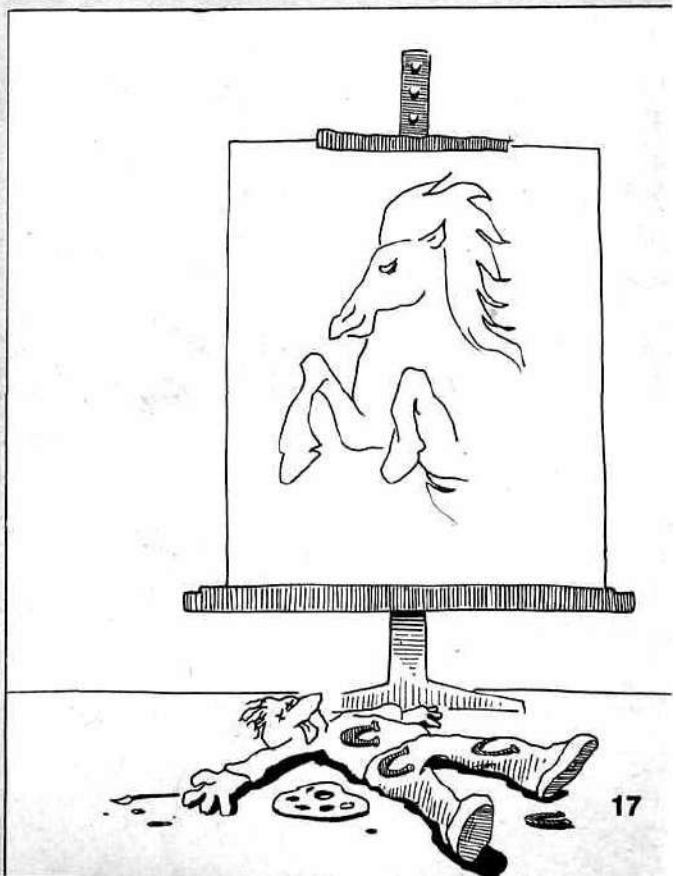
Writer & Artist: JOHN STEVENS



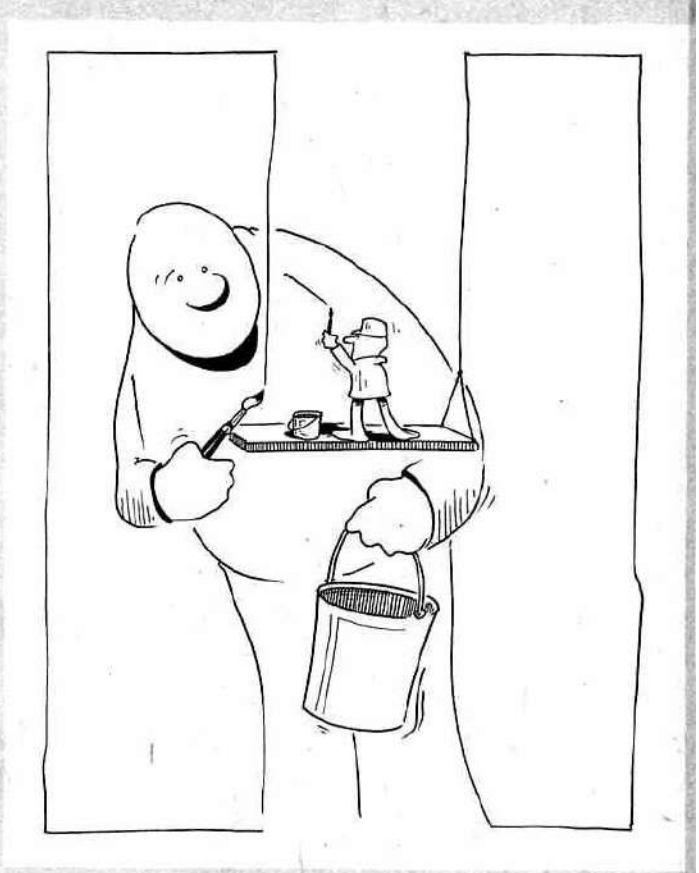


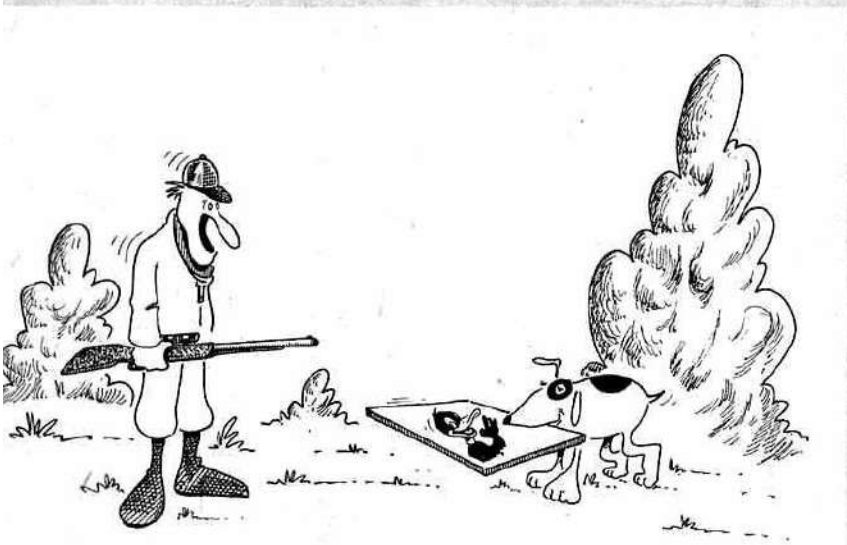






ooh! ah! wow! MAN wow! ooh! oh! ah! ooo! ah. Yuck!
JFTG E abäab REXXOk EZ
yuck! ooh wow ah oom! nice
ROcö föHZ effmd k





THE END
OF THE
WORLD
IS AT HAND

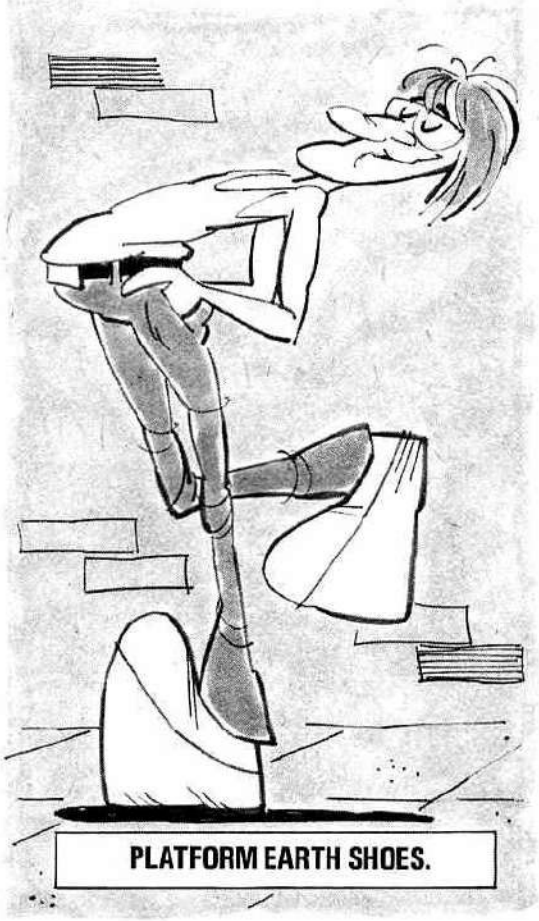
CONSUMER CONFIDENTIAL

by: OONA LaGORPE

CRAZY MAGAZINE'S resident consumer advocate, Ms. OONA LaGORPE, gives us the scoop on some obscure spring wardrobe items.

Ms. LaGORPE

VICTORIAN SKIRT for the ultimate in Victorian modesty.



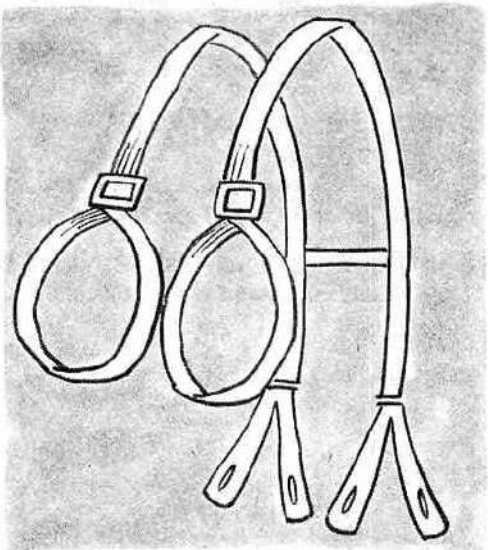
PLATFORM EARTH SHOES.

Simply add soap via the special door, fill with water, and off you go. Clean the house, play golf, even go shopping.

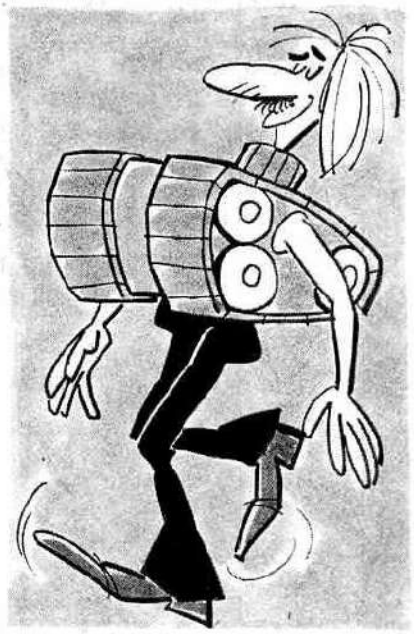
THE BATH SUIT. Why be tied down to a bathtub just because you are taking a bath? The BATH SUIT gives you the freedom to move around as you bathe.

Writer: BOB FOSTER Artist: WILLIE ITO

TELESCOPING SLEEVES simplifies the job of rolling up your sleeves.



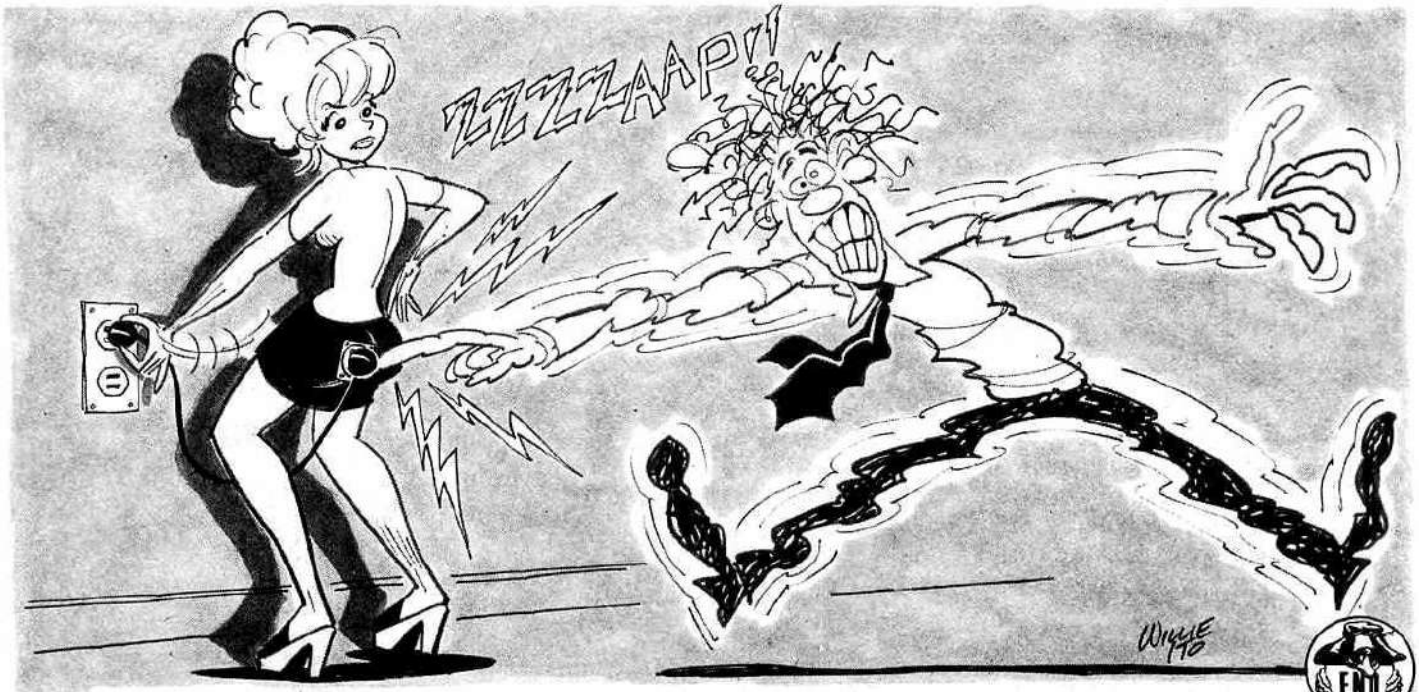
SUPPORT SUSPENDERS for women.



REVOLUTIONARY TANK-TOP SHIRT

BOTTLE TIE. Convenient pouch functions as a third hand for the busy executive who already has his hands full.

NASAL CLEANSING TISSUES, with unique digit shape. Disposable tissues come in handy pop-up box.



ELECTRIC PANTYHOSE for that pest who's looking for a real charge.

GEE REMEMBER ALL THOSE GREAT TIMES AS A KID? REMEMBER WHOOPING COUGH? ACNE? SPAGHETTI STRAPS, BRA PINCH, B.O. AND AMERICAN BANDSTAND? REMEMBER GROWING UP A—

CRAZY LADY

Childhood Daze with Lee Marrs

Chapter One Facts of Life

HOW UNDERSTANDING YOUR PARENTS WERE WHEN YOU FIRST ASKED THAT IMPORTANT QUESTION—

WITH WARMTH AND INSIGHT THEY QUICKLY ANSWERED YOUR NATURAL CURIOSITY AND SENT YOUR LITTLE SEEKING MIND ON THE RIGHT PATH TO TRUTH—

COMMUNITY YOUTH ORGANIZATIONS OFTEN STEPPED INTO THE BREACH WITH LECTURES, AUDIO-VISUAL AIDS—ONLY THE MOST UP-TO-DATE METHODS FOR THE BUDDING MOTHERS OF TOMORROW!

NATURALLY, IN ORDER TO GET THE FULL SCOPE OF PERTINENT DATA, YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WOULD EXCHANGE INFORMATION. OLDER GIRLS HELPED TOO, BY PROVIDING FIRST HAND INFORMATION BASED ON THEIR OWN "REAL LIFE EXPERIENCES." —

AT LAST, YOUR OWN INITIATION: LIGHT "PETTING," OF COURSE, BUT NEVERTHELESS A MOVING INTRODUCTION TO THE TENDER, HEARTWARMING GLORIES OF LOVE.

YES, YOUR MODERN EDUCATION WAS A THOROUGH AND REWARDING ONE—A FOUNDATION ON WHICH TO BUILD FAMILIES THE TRADITIONAL WAY—

20 February 20 March

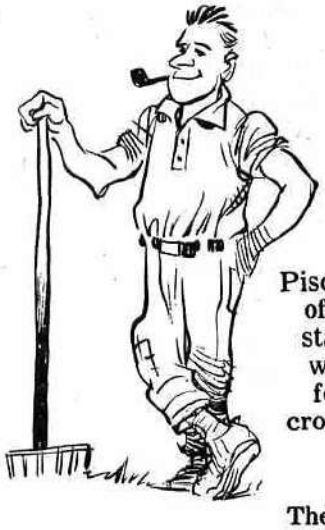
WILL EISNER'S Gleeful Guide to ASTROLOGY

PISCES

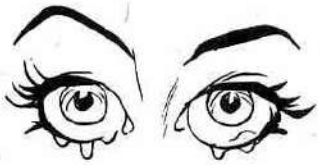
HOW TO RECOGNIZE A PISCES

Pisceans are not noted for punctuality. The last to arrive at any gathering—especially if their dress suggests "bohemian" pursuits—are almost certain to be children of this Sun Sign. Their hosts, however, are sure to forgive them. Who could be angry with a gentle Pisces? They are open, contemplative and (except under stress) utterly undemanding. Pisceans are greatly concerned with suffering (including their own) but it never spoils their love of life. They are great romantics, possessed of an original style.

PHYSICAL TRAITS



Pisceans often stand with feet crossed.

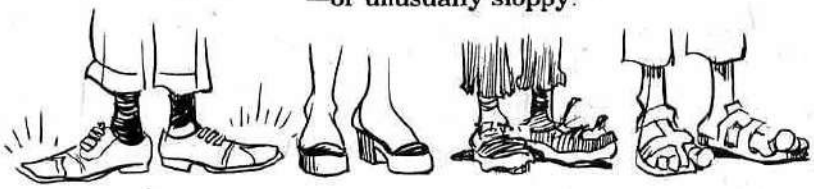


A Piscean's eyes, quite soulful and beautifully expressive, generally seem on the brink of tears.

The Piscean male is most comfortable in blue jeans, and clings to frayed and favorite clothing he's had around for years.

Piscean women prefer creative designs, especially in shades of green with watery patterns.

They have a preoccupation with their feet. A Piscean's shoes tend toward extremes: they are either very, very neat and attractive —or unusually sloppy.

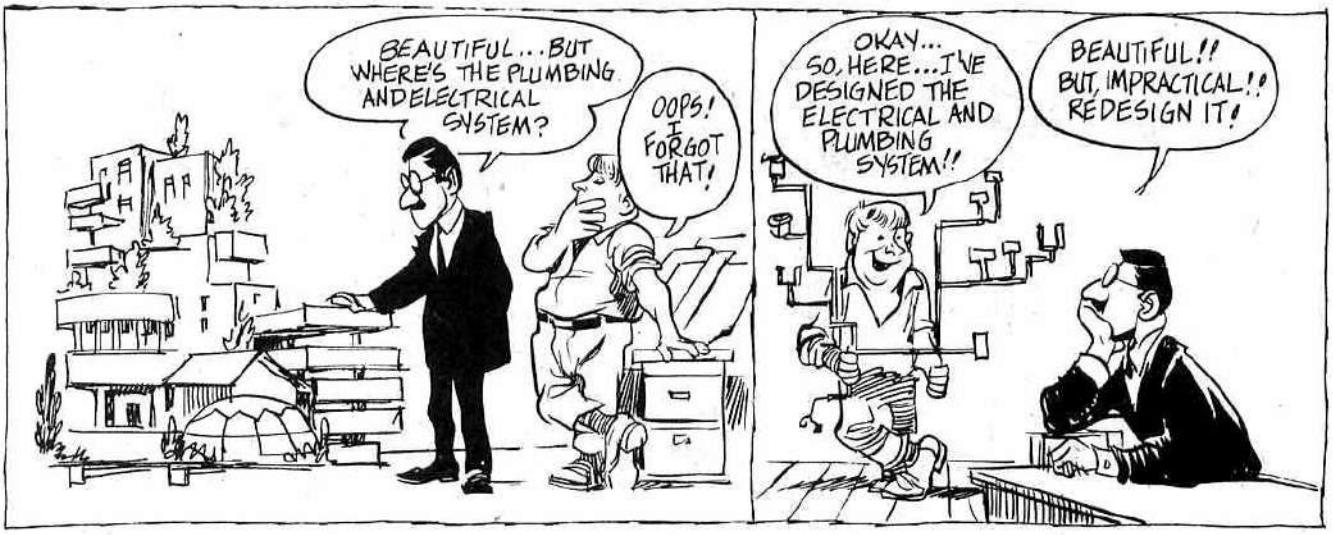


HOW TO CO-EXIST WITH A PISCES

Pisceans are impractical but easy to work with if you know how. They are remarkably flexible and adaptable, possessed of a fine imaginative sense.

IN BUSINESS

Be careful in a project designed by a Pisces. Keep out of them!



EMPLOYING A PISCES

These people are enormously artistic and creative; keep them working in that aspect of things.

They have remarkably good intuitions. Don't underestimate them.

RECRUITING A PISCES

Pisceans are very generous and make easy "touches."

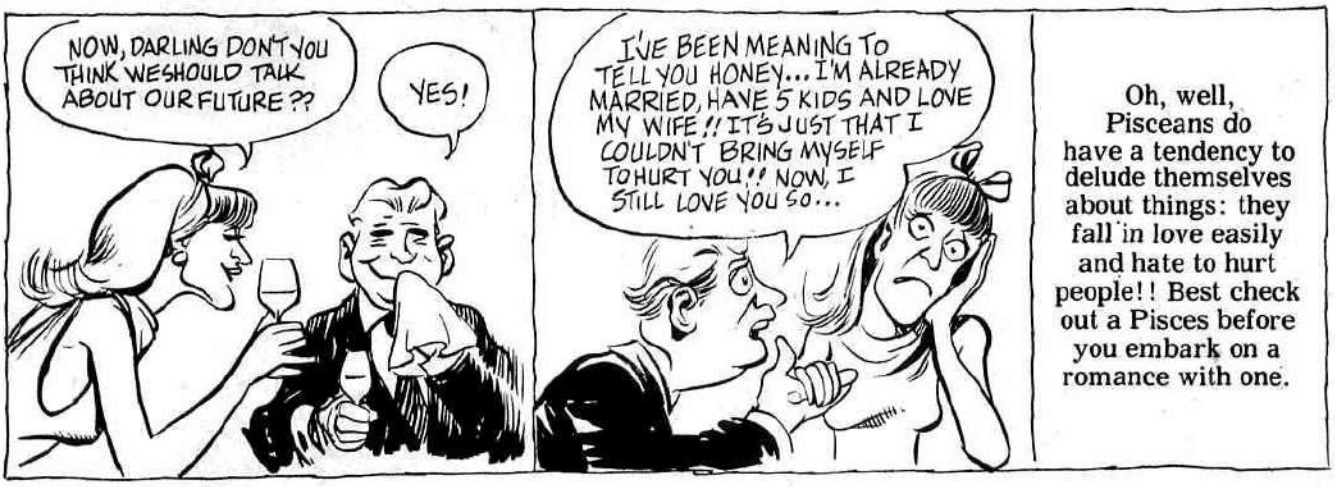
Pick a Pisces for charity drives, cult campaigns or religious recruiting. They will beat their brains out trying to please you. Neither rain nor sleet nor dark of night will deter them. What's more, people love and respond to them.

ROMANCING A PISCES

Dining is often the shortest way to a Piscean's heart but remember: while they love food they are even more captivated by the manner in which it is served. The ritual is almost more important than the meal itself.

A touch of candlelight—combined with the beauty of an artistically designed dish (such as molds or colorfully shaped butter)

—served in a room flooded gently with music and covered with art should do the trick.



Oh, well, Pisceans do have a tendency to delude themselves about things: they fall in love easily and hate to hurt people!! Best check out a Pisces before you embark on a romance with one.

HOW TO LIVE WITH A PISCES

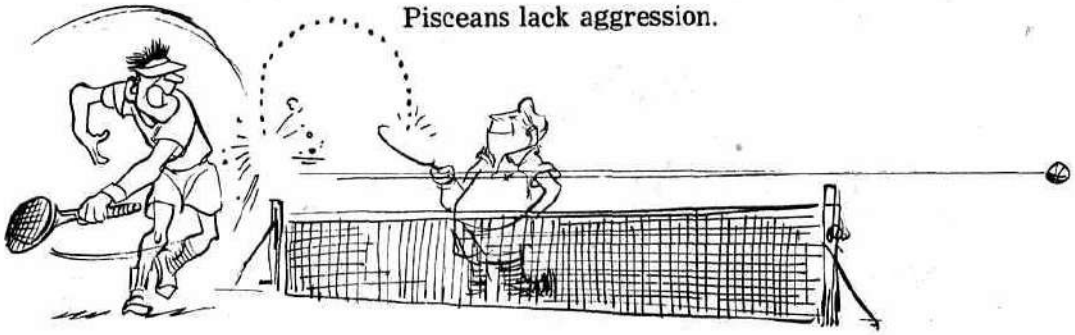
The Pisces mate (male) is not always stable. His frustration threshold is so low he may carp and criticize unimportant things.

Caution! Rebut him gently; appeal to his warm, loving nature.

He'll soon feel sorry and try to make it up. (Now is the time to capitalize on his boundless generosity.)

COMPETING WITH A PISCES

Pisceans lack aggression.



THE PISCES PARTNER

In picking a partner in sports, remember that a Pisces prefers the non-competitive games: fishing, sailing, poetry reading—contemplative things.

If you are planning to take up with a Pisces, keep in mind that their creative endeavors consume most of their interest.

A QUICK REFERENCE GUIDE TO LIVING WITH A PISCES

How To Use This Chart

1. Determine your own Sun Sign.
2. Find your Sign in left hand column.
3. This chart is for the reader whose Sun Sign appears in the left hand column.
4. It tells you how you interact with the Sun Sign heading.

INTERACTION TABLE

If You Are...	MARRIAGE (With a Pisces)	SEX LIFE (With a Pisces)	BUSINESS (With a Pisces)	SOCIAL LIFE (With a Pisces)
ARIES	Hard work	Quiet	If you're boss!	Too slow!!
TAURUS	Great!!	Yup!!	Low profits!	Smooth
GEMINI	Could be!	Cool	Good products	Dependable
CANCER	Lotsa kids!	Dull	Why not!!	Nice!
LEO	Good!!	Yeah, man!!	Great	Sensational
VIRGO	So, so	Nah!!	If you're boss	Tough, but . . .
LIBRA	Okay, but . . .	Great	If you're #2	Dull
SCORPIO	Forget it!	Sensational	Arguments	Exciting
SAGITTARIUS	Sure!!	Maybe!!	Yes!!	Travel?—Yes!
CAPRICORN	Okay!!	Hard work	Could work	Dull
AQUARIUS	Ho, hum	Platonic!!	You take sales	Intellectual
PISCES	A standoff!!	Good!!	Needs a third!	Yawn!!

GIFTS

FLOWERS	JEWELRY	CLOTHING	AUTOS	SPORTS	BOOKS
Primrose Cinquefoil Pinks Balsam	Bloodstone Moonstone things with diffuse colors	Lots of shoes Watery designs in sea green	Colorful and solid	Fishing Boating Skiing Crafts	Art, Poetry Philosophy Religion Mysticism

DISASTER CHART

HEALTH:	MORTALITY:
They're vulnerable to noise, suffer from obesity.	They live longer.

FORECASTING FOR A PISCES: They may not build up a large tangible estate but they will, during their lifetime, accumulate friends and leave a legacy of artistic things.

STREET GANG ILLUSTRATED

60¢ (unless stolen first)

THE DESIGNATED VICTIM: How It Helped Boost Attendance In Emergency Wards

Little Leaguer Reveals: "I Wiped Out 6 Opponents with My Tinker Toys!"

Oldtimer Miller Muggins Proclaims: "The Brass Knuckles were Harder in My Days."

The 1974 Rumbles: Who's Favored to Win? Predictions on all 107 Gangs.

Writer & Artist: MIKE RICIGLIANO

"Keep the kids out of school and put them on the streets."

It is our opinion that school is not cool. After all, juvenile delinquency is limited in the classroom. You can smoke in the bathrooms, write dirty words on the walls, and beat up 2nd Graders, but that's all? The street provides a much wider atmosphere for full creativity. Take for example, Jarvis Pembleton. Pembleton was frustrated in school. He had straight A's, and a scholarship to Harvard. But he wanted to be somebody, so he contacted us. We placed him in a special "beginners" gang, and in 6 months, Pembleton was stealing hubcaps, knifing tourists, and setting small stores on fire. Best of all, Pembleton found out he had true art ability; drawing mustaches on many local election posters . . . Once just an ordinary student, Pembleton is presently wanted in 16 states, with a $10,000 reward, and on April 2, the highlight of his career came: He made the F.B.I.'s ten most wanted list. Jarvis Pembleton got his wish; he *is* somebody, thanks to us . . .

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor—I tink yore magazeen is good. I like the pictchores. But sometines youze use big woids, like "arm", "kick", and "the." I reached 5th grayde befour I dropped out. Sum of your udder readers might not be so fortchoonit as I. Please, more pictchores, and less big woids.

Yours truellie,
Ralph Waldo Broggio

Dear Editor—I agreed with last week's Editorial "Is Mondo Zuckayewski Washed Up?" I think you were right in saying the guy just doesn't have it any more. He hasn't killed or seriously injured anyone in the past 3 weeks. Zuckayewski is over the hill, and I'm glad your magazine noticed it.

Sincerely,
Terence Flostermann

Jarvis Pembleton wet look

Jarvis Pembleton the greasy look.

Dear Editor—Tanks for dat swell article on my idol; Chico Mineo. I realize I am not dee only kid what adores dis guy, but I wuz dere when Mineo trew a brick tru my old lady's kitchen window; and he *pointed* at the exact spot he was going to trow it at, before he trew it. What a superstar! Where can I write him for an autographed brick?

Sincerely,
Bubba Letch

write: Chico Mineo
208553051
Municipal Jail
Brooklyn, N.Y.

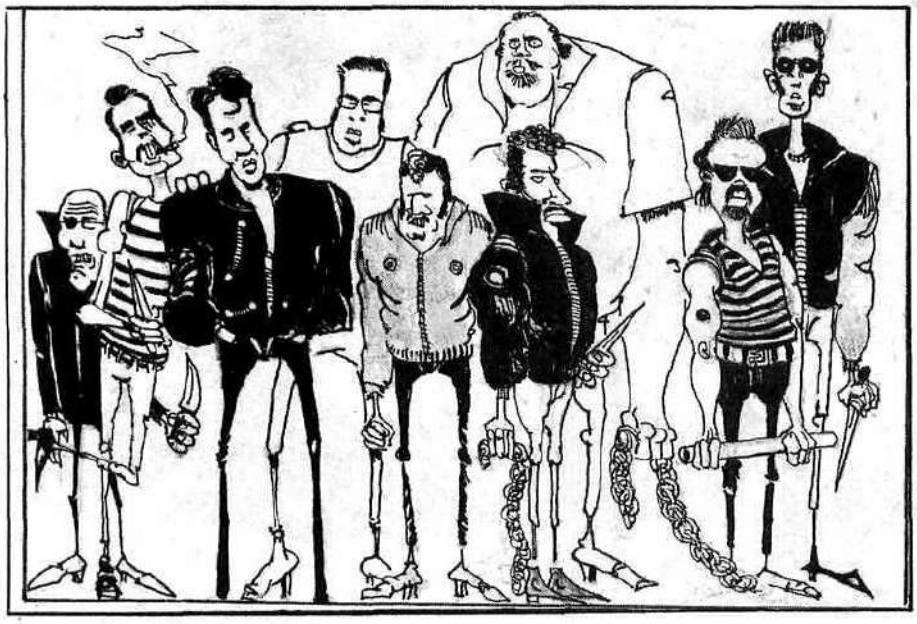
Dear Editor—You have 36 hours to live.

Sincerely,
Mondo Zuckayewski

Dear Editor—Some information, please, on that great new gang; "Nino and the Cat Kickers."

Thank you,
Shirley Smith

◀ Nino Fabrezzio (formerly George O'Brien) formed his group from 12 guys who didn't make their high school football team and who were voted "Most likely to degenerate" in their class. Of the original 12, 9 remain (3 were run over by a stolen bulldozer in a local rumble). Last year, they tore down the house (literally) at Wally's Fish Market. They should be fighting at home, slum in the near future. Consult your local newspaper for the dates and times.



"Nino & The Cat-Kickers"—left to right—
Ted, Ricky, Moose, Nino, Dancer, Prancer, Donner, Blitzen, Nelson

Brazziola

3 Inducted Into Hall of Fame

(UPI) Gang war greats Lester "Leather Les" McVea, Tyrone "Broccoli Breath" Brazziola, and Juan "The Slime" Jiminez were honored today at the Bedford-Stuyvesant Hall of Fame for Street Gang Derelicts and Tough Guys.

McVea, who was notorious for biting opponents in the armpit, (the infamous "McVea Munch") was choked up at the honor, and openly wept as he stabbed 3 school children.

Brazziola and Jiminez, old rivals in the Harlem Dumps (known as "the house that Jiminez built), had not seen each other in 45 years, and immediately made obscene gestures towards each other. Brazziola kicked over Jiminez' crutches, and the 2 idols began wrestling on stage. Jiminez got in 3 good rights to the head before Brazziola broke his hearing aid and (cont. pg. 36)

Rule Changes Announced

Street gang commissioner Kuhie Bone today announced a list of rule changes devised to make street fighting more exciting to the fans. These included:

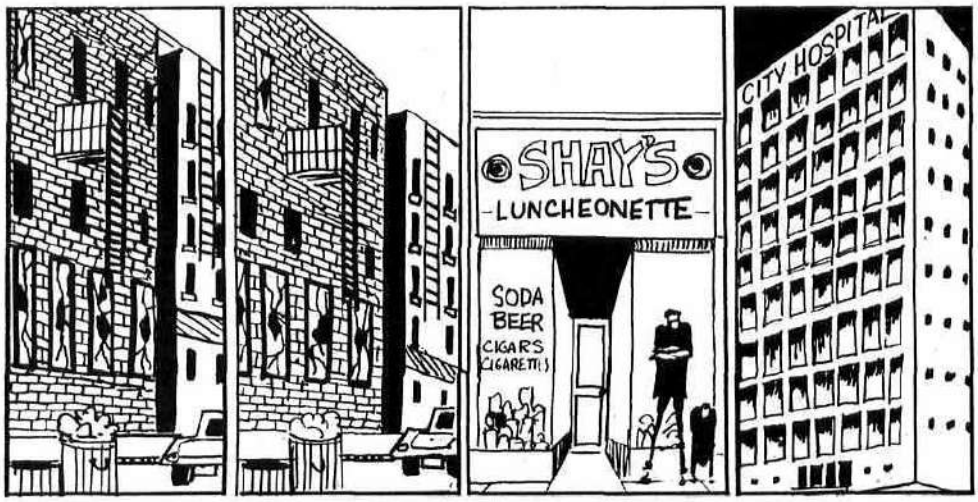
1. Absolutely *no* knifing below the ankles.
2. Required time out after 10 quarts or more of blood is lost.
3. Absolutely *NO* bazookas or anti-aircraft guns permitted after 6 P.M.
4. Mandatory 8 count for dead gang members.

GURSTENGLOG PUT ON DISABLED LIST

"Black Vulture" Superstar Rudy Gurstenglog was placed on the 21 day disabled list today after sustaining severe flesh wounds, 212 broken bones, loss of 6 fingers, paralysis of the heart, and german measles during a scheduled six gang rumble on the lower east side. (Doctors said apparent brain damage was a false alarm, since Gurstenglog has been a moron from birth.)

The "Black Vulture" captain, whose superb switchblade handling lead his gang to a come-from-behind victory, was enraged at the decision, claimed he felt "fine" and brushed off rumors of his retirement. "I want to be traded," said Gurstenglog, "to a team that doesn't give a hoot about my injuries, like . . . the U.S. Army!!"

The Stars Reveal Their Favorite Stadiums



above: left to right, 171st St. Stadium, 111th St. Stadium, Shay Stadium, Hospital Stadium

Gang members opinions vary on the types of stadiums they prefer to fight in.

"Give me good ol' concrete sidewalks, like Shay Stadium," said Desi Cardwell of the 'Garter Snakes,' "the heads bounce too high on that new asbestos turf they got."

Lefty McTish of the "Conquerors" disagreed, giving his vote of confidence to 171st Street's new asbestos turf, saying it was prettier and more accommodating to hopscotch.

There was a large group of hoods who preferred to fight at the new L.I. Expressway City Hospital Stadium, which happens the be *the* most popular stadium in the nation for street fighters . . .

above: Hundreds showed their support for the "Rebels" on annual Banner Day.

PROMOTION DAYS BRINGING IN THE FANS

In an effort to boost attendance at local street fights, promoters have offered the fans an assortment of "gimmick" days.

On the east side, support was shown for the 'local' "Rebels" on "Banner Day." Hundreds of banners were brought, with prizes being given for "most vulgar," "worst grammar" and "best banner to housetrain puppies on." All in all, it was a wonderful time for everyone.

The "Fruits of the Loom" held their annual "Zipgun" day, with fans receiving replicas of the weapons their heroes use, and in Coney Island, the "Steeplechasers" held a "Fan Participation Day", where followers of the gang could fight *with* them. This, however, proved to be a failure as the "Steeplechasers" lost ⅔ of all their fans in the process (cont. page 60)

Standings

BLACK DIVISION	W	L	*BUP	PCT
"MIGHTY EARWAX"	35	3	14	.955
"BLACK SWANS"	33	5	14	.941
"OFF-WHITE SWANS"	28	21	21	.800
"SHARKS"	16	16	16	.500
"JETS"	14	28	10	.013
a—"JOE'S BAR & GRILL"	2	30		.012
b—"FLAMING TARANTULAS"		2		-.006

*—Broken up by Police.

a—Thought this was a bowling league.

b—Forfeited after 2nd match due to lack of living members.

BLUE DIVISION	W	L	*BUP	PCT
c—"GOLDEN CHICKEN LIVERS"	48	0	0	1.000
"HANG NAILS"	27	13	14	.706
d—"BUFFALO CHIPS"			117	.?
"MURRAY LANGSTON & HIS DANCING ZEBRA"	4	40	14	.214
"SATAN'S SON'S"	0	50	7	.000
"SATAN'S NEPHEWS"	0	50	7	.000
g—"SATAN'S NEPHEW'S SONS"	0	50	7	.000

c—Clinched pennant on first day when they held major hostage.

d—Disqualified due to illegal use of napalm.

g—Won 3-way playoff for last place when 14 members went to gay lib meeting.

TOP TEN

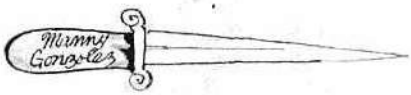
	Killings	Flesh-wounds	Cripplings	Maimings	Multiple Fractures	Violence Avg.
Brown, Roscoe	13	117	135	316	6	.520
The Hun, Attila	6	201	60	40	92	.506
Pigg, Porko	11	24	301	30	35	.468
Godzilla, Robert	25	13	10	100	41	.467
Robinson, Chuck	3	200	200	200	6	.433
Lobianca, Angelo	14	0	11	602	1	.420
Piranna, Jocko	36	3	4	5	60	.400
Hitler, Manuel	714	0	0	0	0	.395
Ripper, Jack	90	2	4	6	8	.345
Bull, Sitting	1	91	92	3	20	.329

P.B.I. (Ribcages Busted In) Martinez 65, Jiminez 60, Guitterez 49, Perez 47, Simonsez 43.

E.R.A. (Eyebrows Ripped Apart) Smith 117, Jones 111, Brown 93, Rivello-Gutenberg 17.

H.R. (Homes Robbed) Martinez 230, Allstate 150.

At Your Souvenir Shop



Bubba Brando autographed switchblade—with genuine plastic handle signed by the "Purgetory's Angels" star we all know & love.

"Bubba" blade—**$3.99**

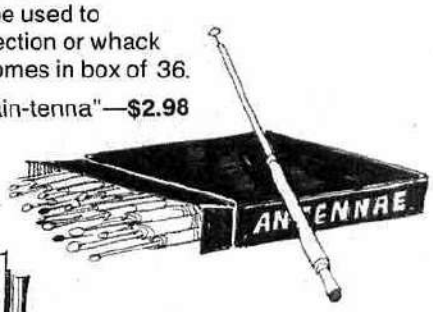
Broken Glass Bottles with Your Team's Insignia—guaranteed sharp broken glass bottles like the ones real gang stars use. Choose from 30 team insignias.

Broken Beer Bottle—**$.49**

Broken Coke Bottle—**$.39**

Radio Antennas for fun & enjoyment—stolen from neighborhood autos (without discrimination), radio antennas can be used to poke into midsection or whack across face. Comes in box of 36.

"Pain-tenna"—**$2.98**



Street Gang Yearbooks—All the stats on your favorites. 300 photos (front & side shots) plus where the stars will be the next 10-20 years.

Yearbook—**$1.00**

THE 1974 STREET FIGHTING ILLUSTRATED ALL-PRO TEAM

rock-thrower
Lou "The Skunk" Rizzo, Brooklyn "Bombers" possesses outstanding arm which won him CyYawn award this year when he led league in fractured skulls, concussions and broken windows.

Defensive line—
Efrem Zimbellus 111th Street "Rhinoceros" affectionately known as "Wall," Zimbellus finally bloomed into the star many predicted he would be. Efrem has a classic swing with his bicycle chain, mortally wounding a record 36 opponents, and finishing with an astounding 617 injury inflicted average.

place-kicker
Weird Willie Washington, Harlem "Vultures" has no equal at placing kicks, usually in the groin of enemy gang members. Set record of 45 ruptures in one rumble, May 4, 1973.

break-back
Rex "Rex" Feinbloom, Park Avenue "Jetsets." Only member of team who can afford an aluminum baseball bat, Feinbloom was responsible for loss of 6,355 enemy teeth in this, his rookie year. Feinbloom, characteristically, apologized to every face he ruined with his bat, earning him the "Lady Bang" sportsmanship award.

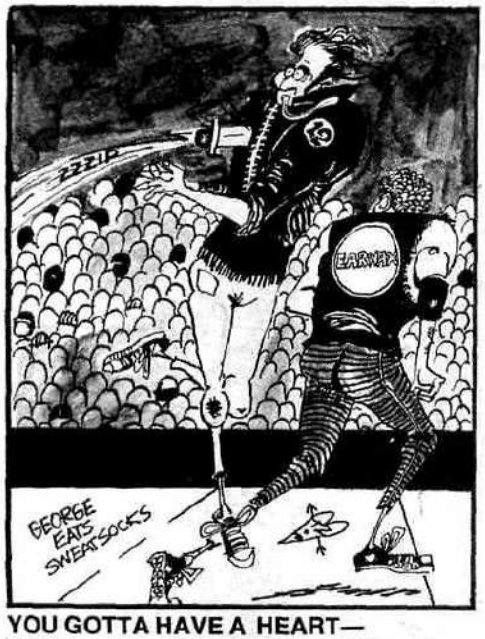
left creep
Francis "The Worm" Qrsvjkyffbnu, North Bronx "Black Tunas." No one will ever forget that April twi-nighter when Qrsvjkffbnu hit opponent Norm Lasagniano in the head with a lead pipe while his back was turned.

cutoff man
Judah Ben-Gay, Coney Island "Hell's Angels." possesses exceptional agility and quickness; most experts agree he has the finest wrists in the league. Ben-Gay went on a hot streak this year, collecting 68 toes, 4 hands, 307 ear lobes, and 14 junkies.

clean-up
Tito "The Bandito" Gonzolez, South Brooklyn "Fish." Generally considered the fastest juvenile deliquent in the league, Gonzolez was the uncontested leader in stolen hubcaps with 101. And his record of 18 transister radio thefts in one afternoon will probably never be broken.

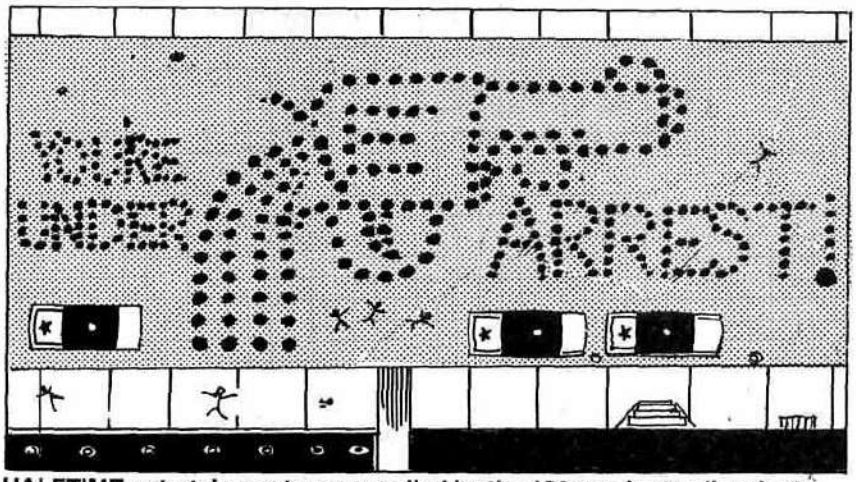
primary mutilator
Wayne "Cemetery" Gwadiczik, 7th Avenue Subway "Snails." Perhaps highest paid performer in gang war history (after robbing 3 banks), Gwadiczik uses no switchblades, bats or chains, perferring instead to beat opponents senseless with fire hydrants. Was named M.V.P. (maliciously violentest poysen) in league for fifth straight year after he threatened to kill judges.

GANG WAR CHAMPIONSHIP HIGHLIGHTS-1974

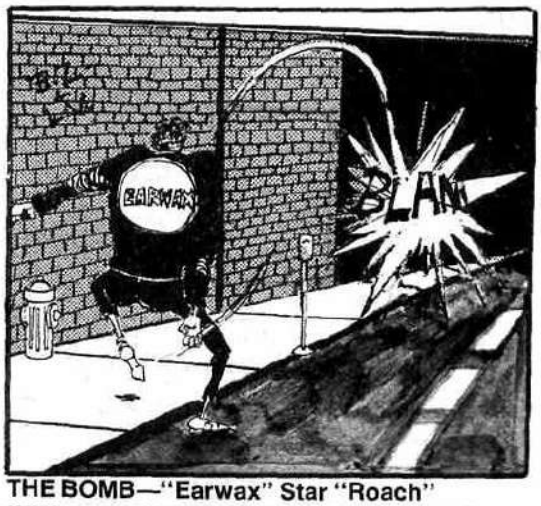


YOU GOTTA HAVE A HEART—"Chicken Liver" back Max Ovblik makes key interception of a knife in 1st period.

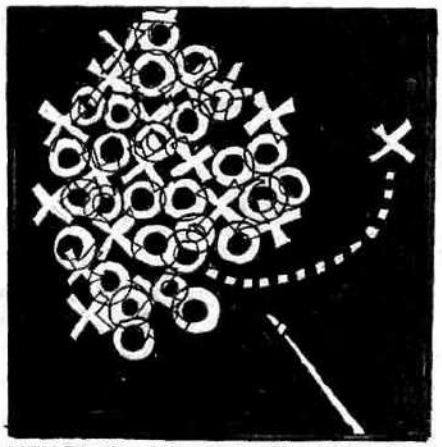
BETWEEN MATCH BREAK—Opposing Captains Flunt and Erlichman take time out from killing each other to playfully mug a 91 year old grandmother



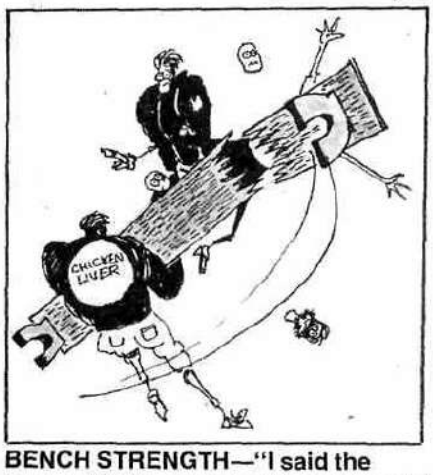
HALFTIME entertainment was supplied by the 102 precinct police dept. who did marching formations to the tune of "Jailhouse Rock."



THE BOMB—"Earwax" Star "Roach" Williamson hits opponent with a 75 yard pass of a stick of dynamite.



KEY PLAY—Diagram of last-minute rumble which won series for the Chicken Livers. "X" to far right represents Chico "The Chicken" Sanchez.



BENCH STRENGTH—"I said the team with the strongest bench would win this," said Coach O'Brien. "Heck, ours was solid oak, their's was only plywood.

THE WINNERS—Triumphant gang members follow tradition and carry opposing coach off on their shoulders!!!!!

END

HISTORY of MOOSEKIND

Part X—Invading herds from Scandinavia and the low pastures settle on the British Isles, sowing the seeds of the British Empire.

Tallyho! A merry chase over the highways and byways of merry old England for a glimpse at the history of the land of tea and crumpets; with Dr. Melville Moose, BBC, BIPO, BLT, noted archaeologist, paleontologist, and former member of the BAKER STREET IRREGULARS until he discovered EX-LAX. Dr. Moose is recognized as one of the world's leading authorities on English Muffins.

In the days before newspapers news was brought to the citizens by a traveling troubadour known as a MINSTREL. Roaming the English countryside every month on his MINSTREL CYCLE he would gather news along the way, write songs about what he had learned, and sing those songs to everyone in the next village.

According to legend one of my ancestors traveled under the name of MARVIN THE MINSTREL. He and his successors had a lot to sing about.

In 1066 they were singing about WILLIAM, MOOSE OF NORMANDY.

In 1215 they were crooning tunes about the MOOSNA CARTA.

During the BLACK DEATH of 1348 several funereal R&B ballads were on the top ten lists.

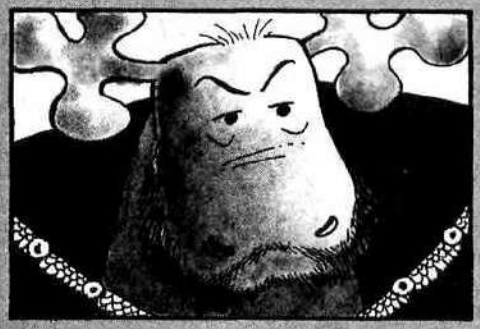
In 1485 several ruling herds were competing for control of the government. The HOUSE OF TOOTER emerged victorious over both the HOUSE OF PIES and the HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE.

DR. MOOSE, IN A FOG

MARVIN THE MINSTREL

WILLIAM, MOOSE OF NORMANDY

MOOSE Coat of Horns



The English Renaissance began during the reign of HORNERY VIII.

Early in the 16th century the renaissance gave us one of the most important playwrights of all time: WILLIAM SHAKESDEER, author of MACBEEF, FONGOOLIUS CAESAR, HAMNEGS, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S MOOSE, THE MERCHANT OF VENISON, and many more.

Shakesdeer, known as the "Bard of Avon," produced his plays in London where he met other writers of the period, such as the "Bard of Hastings" the "Bard of Trent," and the "Bard of Oxford."

Which proves that BARDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER.

BLACK DEATH R&B SINGERS

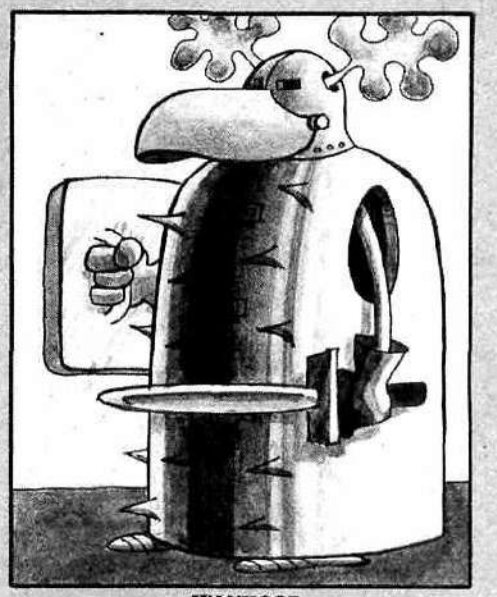
MOOSNA CARTA CROONERS

WILLIAM SHAKESDEER

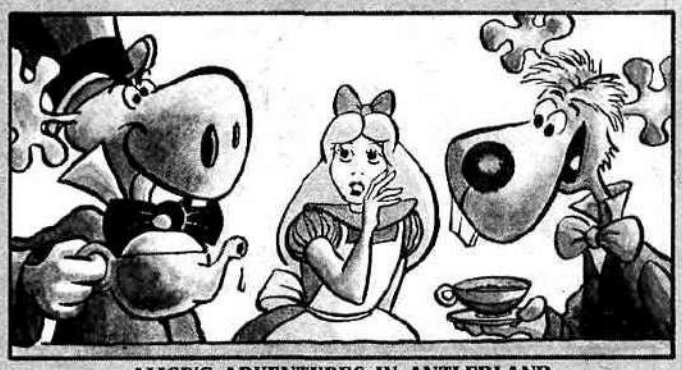
Writer & Artist: BOB FOSTER

ROBINSON MUSOE

Other writers and works of English literature include: THE CANTERGALLOP TALES by Geoffrey Mooser, ROBINSON MUSOE by Daniel Dedoe, GULLIVER'S MOOSE by Jonathan Hooft, A CHRISTMAS CORRAL by Charles Dickhorns, IVANHOOF by Sir Walter Scud, ALICES'S ADVENTURES IN ANTLERLAND by Lewis Moowis, THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK MOOSE AND THE MOOSE OF THE BASKERVILLES by Sir Arthur Conan Barbarian, JUNGLE MOOSE by Rudyard Moosling, MOOSMALION by George Barnyard Shoom, WAR OF THE HERDS by H.G. Moose, and BRAVE NEW MOOSE by Aldous Moosley.

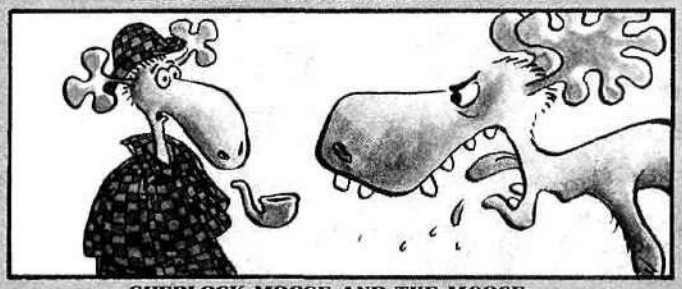


IVANHOOF



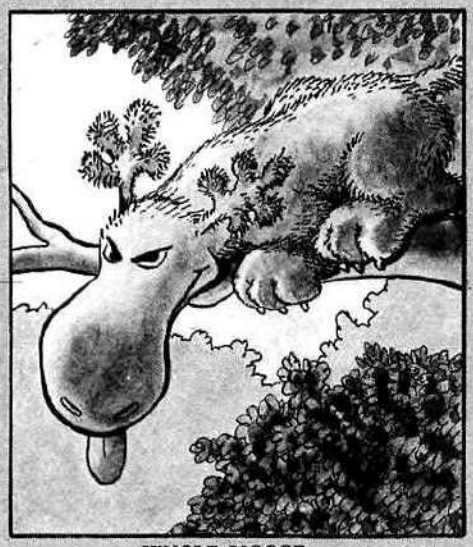
ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN ANTLERLAND

EBENEZER MOOSE AND THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST, from A CHRISTMAS CORRAL.

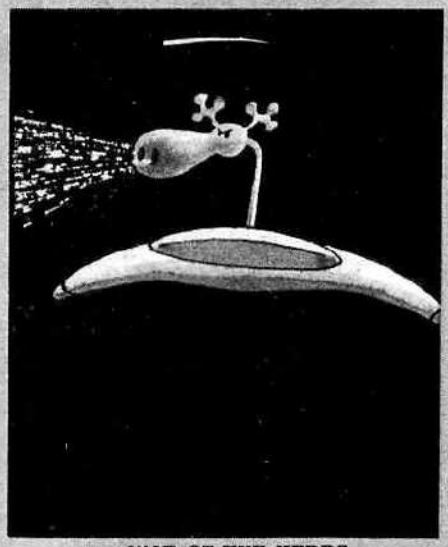


SHERLOCK MOOSE AND THE MOOSE OF THE BASKERVILLES.

GULLIVER'S MOOSE



JUNGLE MOOSE



WAR OF THE HERDS

The 16th century was called the "Age of Expansion." Some refer to it as the "Middle Ages Spread."

Evidence confirms that around 1000 AD Viking explorer LEIF ERIKSCALF, son of ERIK THE MOOSE, discovered America.

In 1492 CRISTOFER COLUMBMOOS discovered it again.

Soon English explorers like SIR FRANCIS BUCK (the first moose to sail around the world) and HORNERY HUDSOOM were expanding the horizons of the British Empire. Their discoveries soon lured many Europeans to the greener pastures across the Antlerantic Ocean.

In 1620 a small herd of Puritan Mooses set sail from England aboard the MOOSEFLOWER, headed for America. On December 11, 1620 they dropped anchor in MOOSECHUSETTS BAY and stepped ashore at PLYMOOS ROCK, thus establishing the first permanent American Colony.

By 1775 the British had found the American colonists positively revolting.

THE MOOSEFLOWER

PURITAN MOOSE

The 18th century marked the beginning of the AGE OF REASON. It was at this time that SIR ISAAC MOOTON discovered gravity. It was at this time also that the English school of painting made its debut, with works by THOMAS MOOSEBOROUGH, JMW FURNER, and JOHN COWSTABLE.

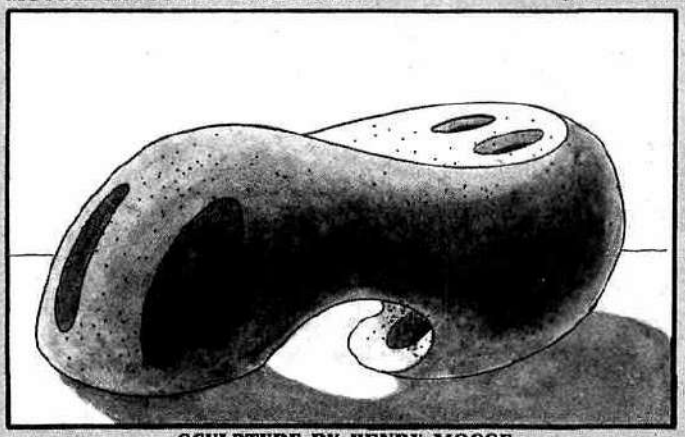
Incidentally, England later gave the world the great sculptor HENRY MOOSE.

MOOTON DISCOVERS GRAVITY

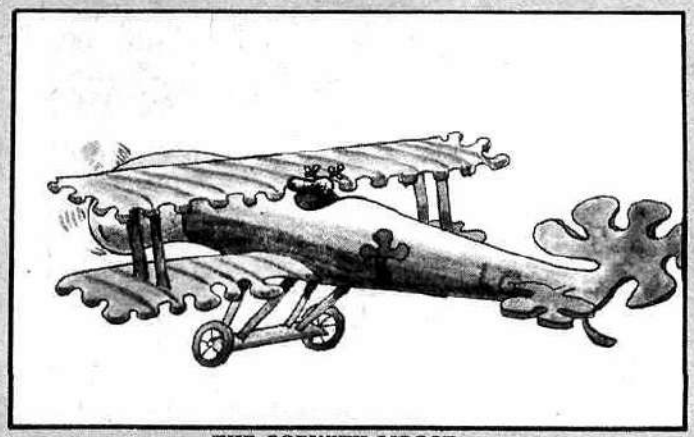
MOOSEBOROUGH'S "BLUE MOOSE"

JMW FURNER

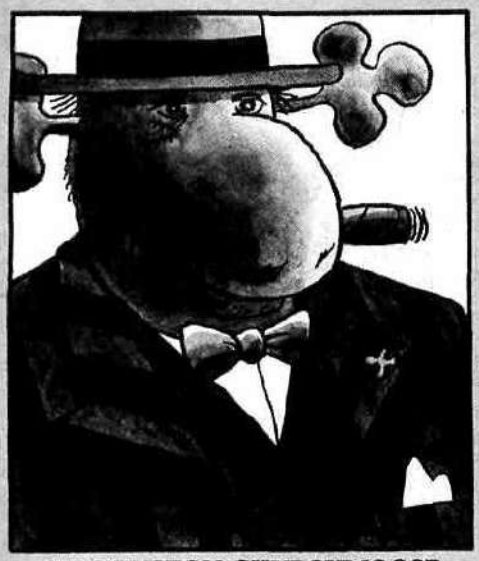
During the course of WWII English and allied herds and British aircraft, like the SOPWITH MOOSE (see below) were instrumental in the defeat of the German herds.



SCULPTURE BY HENRY MOOSE



THE SOPWITH MOOSE



SIR WINSTON CHURCHMOOSE

When England entered WWII she was guided to victory by SIR WINSTON CHURCHMOOSE.

During her "finest hour" England and the allied herds soundly trampled ADOLF SHEEPLEGRABBER and his "Master Herd."

Since the war Britain has emerged as a major force in the film world. English-born director ALFRED HITCHCUD has given us such classics as "THE MOOSE WHO KNEW TOO MUCH," "THE 39 MOOSE-CHIPS," "DIAL M FOR MOOSE," "THE HERDS," and "HORN CURTAIN."

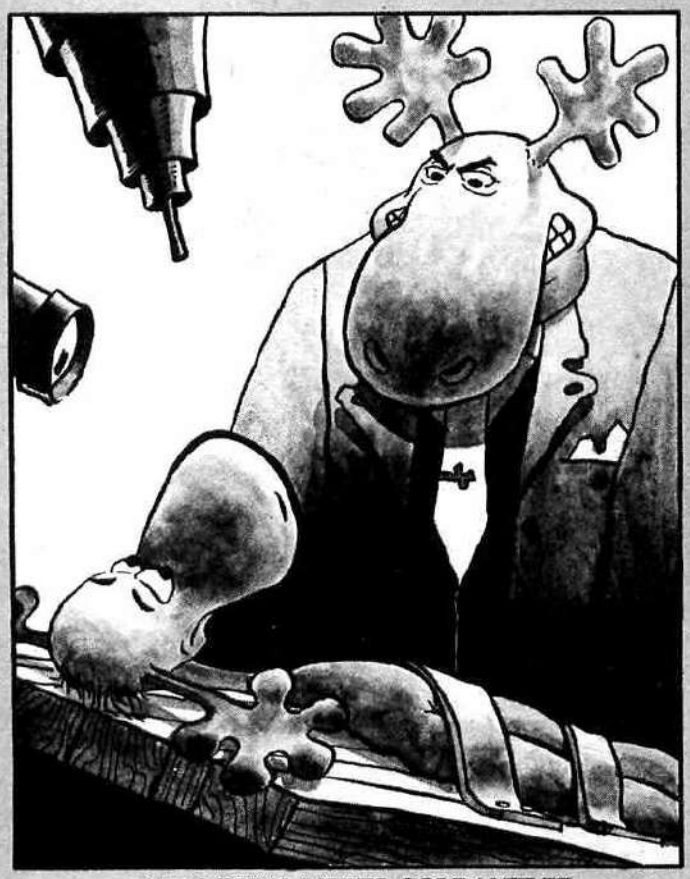
ALFRED HITCHCUD

In the 1960's the adventures of secret moose 007/11, JAMES DUNG, by novelist IAN FLEMOOS, were made into a series of popular films that included "DR. MOO," "GOLDANTLER," and "THUNDERBULL."

Also in the 60's Britain emerged as a very influential nation in the field of popular music.

A great impact was made by the appearance of two revolutionary rock groups: THE BEATELKS and THE ROLLING STAGS.

THE BEATELKS

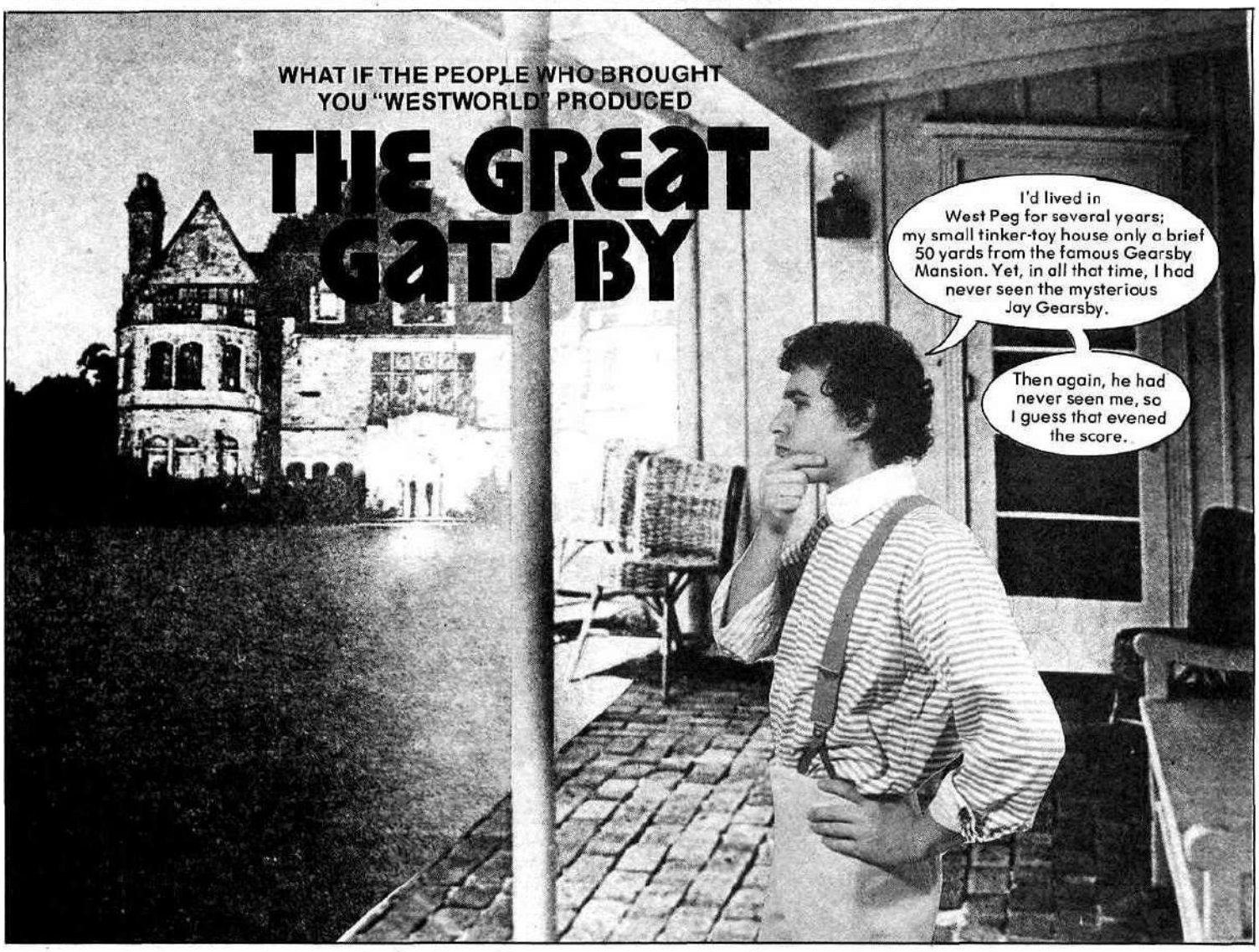


JAMES DUNG MEETS GOLDANTLER

THE ROLLING STAGS

RIGHT: Sports enthusiast Dr. Melville Moose participates in a game of RUGBY.

We don't know about *you*, but we of the CRAZY crew have always wondered what would have happened if someone *else* besides the actual creator had produced some of the great movies of yesteryear. F'rinstance—what if Mel ("Young Frankenstein") Brooks had filmed "2001: A Space Odyssey," or if Woody ("Sleeper") Allen had produced "The Exorcist."
Well, we decided it was about time to answer this and so we posed the pointed, if slightly dumb, query . . .



A CRAZY Movie Rip-off Starring

A BILL SKURSKI/NINA MENDE production, filmed in conjunction with CLOUD STUDIOS.
Additional dialog: MARV WOLFMAN

Across the bay in fashionable EAST PEG lived my automated cousin (twice re-wired), **Dizzy**, and her sparkling aluminum-alloy husband, **Tom Boltarmour**.
He was a cranky sort. And she had to be **cranked** twice a day, too.
They're having a **re-fueling** party at the **Gearsby Mansion**, tonight, my dear.
Oh, it will be **lovely**, providing it doesn't rain, Tom, dear.
I don't have a single dress that goes with **rust**, you know.
Oh, I say. Is that a **body** squashed beneath our car, sweet Dizzy?
Yes, a common **human**. How **boring**.
But I guess such things are **fascinating** for them. Imagine, having nothing better to do than **throw** their (ugh) fleshy bodies before our car (love it).
But don't fret, my dear. No one will take this **seriously**. *After all*, it takes **two** to make an accident.
I guess you're right, my dear. Now, let's **retreat** into our quasi-bored-rich apathetic-life before I blow another **gasket**.
It took **four** to make my sister. **Nine** for my *brother, but* he's an **electric typewriter**.
It's getting so **expensive** to replace gaskets these days, you know.
Being human, and an impartial observer, I had to notice the **stupidity** of the above banal repartee. On the occasion of the **fifth** car crash my cousin and her mechanoid mate had today, I thought to myself that it seemed as if they were **programmed** to **revolt** me.
Almost as much as this **dumb movie** is beginning to revolt me.
In fact, one of the **few** who did not revolt me (probably because he revolted everyone else in this movie) was **Jay Gearsby**.
That iron man who represented **everything** I was not: **tall, rich, handsome**, and **highly conducive to the north magnetic pole**.

As I said on **Page One**, I had never met Gearsby. Not until that **fateful** afternoon . . .

What do you **think of** me, old sport?

Not that I **really** care, but I do feel like slumming with normal Nick Normal, so to speak.

I think you have been **programmed** with an **extraordinary** gift for **hope**, a **romantic readiness** such as I have never seen before, and a **heightened** sensitivity to the **promises of life.**

Tell me— are you **related** to those intricate machines that **registers earthquakes?**

No, actually I'm a **murderer**, a **scoundrel**, and a **pathetic liar.** But then, **no one** is perfect, eh?

But to tell you why I **really** called you here, old sport. I'd like to **meet** that ravishing iron-plated (yet-with-a-heart-of-gold-plating) **cousin** of yours.

Dizzy?

No, my **autogyro** isn't working properly.

Mr. Gearsby, **this** is my cousin, Dizzy.

No, dear Nick. It's just that my **autogyro** isn't working properly.

We've **used** that already, chowderhead. Let's get some **snappy new dialog** in this transistorized take-off.

Snappy new dialog? What? And acutally be **better** than the **real** "The Great Gatsby?" **Never!**

Let me show you my **shirts**, Dizzy. I have a special **sheet-metal worker** pressing them out for me.

Oh, Jay—they're beee-ootiful.

I just **love** what they're doing with **tin foil** these days.

I'd **forgotten** how it was.

You mean, how **exciting**, how **fantastic**, how **fashionable** I am?

No, how **boring**, how **dull**, and how clichéd Scott Fitzgerald was.

Isn't this the life, my dear? Dancing until your rear shock-suspension wears out . . .
. . . boozing it up with the very best grade of 10-6-4 oil.
Why don't you go upstairs and slip into something rustproof, my darling? Your husband will never know.
You want to bet your radiameter on that, you Ralph Nader reject?
I was on to you the first time I saw your fancy gearshift.
You're drunk again, Tom. Haven't you learned not to get high on rubbing alcohol?
Out of my way, Dizzy. I've got a fight to wage.
Er . . . plug me in a sec, willya?
Tom, please—have a little remote control.
Your wife doesn't love you, Tom. She only cares for your extension plug.
Tell him, Dizzy. Tell him you never loved him. Tell him your marriage is on the batteries forever.
No, Dizzy! Remember the day I carried your punch-cards so your sockets wouldn't sweat?

Oh, Jay, you're **programmed** to expect **too much** from me. You need a **new punchout.**
Please, stop **hurting** Tom. You're **dismantling** him.
I'll take him apart piece by piece.
At least you could use a **screwdriver**, you cheap alloy!

While the **two loves** of my hydraulic life are **fighting** gearshift over fork-crane for me, I must take this time to **ponder** if I am truly worth it all.
I am so **sad**— life has **not** been good to me.
After all, it's given me a part in this **dumb movie,** hasn't it?

You are a **fuel,** Gearsby, You should have **known** you couldn't **re-wire** the past.
Dizzy may have loved you **once**, but she is the **sparkplug in my engine now.**
Why you **decaying . . .**

Oh, this is **horrible.** He's **short-circuited!**

What can I do now?

You can come **home** with me, my love. My **joints** need oiling, and, quite frankly, I don't want to sit here watching your old thing-friend **rust.**

But what of **Gearsby?** He was so much **fun.**

In that case we'll have him **converted** into a **television set.**

That way we can **both** enjoy him.

And so, Jay Gearsby, an **electrical legend** before his time turned, out **all right** in the end.

For what **preyed** on Gearsby's mechanical mind was his own lack of **knowledge** of his self.

Now he would be **enjoyed** in his death.

Yes, for Jay Gearsby, it was **ashes to ashes . . . rust to rust.**

LAST ISSUE we had the misfortune to see Nebbish N. Nebbish (CRAZY's resident shnook) visit the "Old Humor Hosts Home" where decrepit relics from the 1950's sit amidst their paperback reprints telling old, stale jokes. Though Neb (that's short for Nebbish, though he's already short enough) was hoping for a pleasant visit, the other humor hosts greeted our friend with hostility.

Welcome once again to the humor mag which asks the musical question: Can a poor shnooky Nebbish from Madison Avenue strike it rich by starring in America's third-best selling humor mag?

The Nebbish

Writer: MARV WOLFMAN Artist: MARIE SEVERIN

You **see** what you've done to me, people. You **threw** me out of my home . . . my beautiful white house. And I **wasn't** even the guilty one.

I'm **not** a crook. I just wanted to be **loved.**

You picking this up, microphone? **Testing.** One . . . two . . .

It's **true.** I just wanted to be loved. Hopefully by **rich billionaires . . .** . . . who wanted to give **away** some of their money. But **never** for favors!

Pssst. Anyone know how I can **buy** my way out of this mess?

What a **sad** story.

Sadness.

It's a **crock,** if you ask me.

As I said —a **crock.**

Yes, a **crocodile.** Er—

HONK

Shut up, Fink.

Something's **wrong** here. I've read the Nebbish. **He's funny.** That guy **there's** funny. But you—? You're not funny.

If I can't be funny, can I be a **tragic** figure instead? Can I be **anything?**

I think this is **another mask.**

Nobody can go through life being **two** Nebbishes.

Right you are, Alfy! I'm not really our **"ex-Ecch"**— our **"You-Know-The-Country's-In-Trouble When . . ."** —our **"The Lighter Side Of Political Curruption."**

I'm really **Big Bu$ine$$.** That's with a capital $.

You want **books,** I've got them. **Eighteen thousand** paperbacks (at 95¢ a clip for last month's reprints)—ninety-four different annuals.

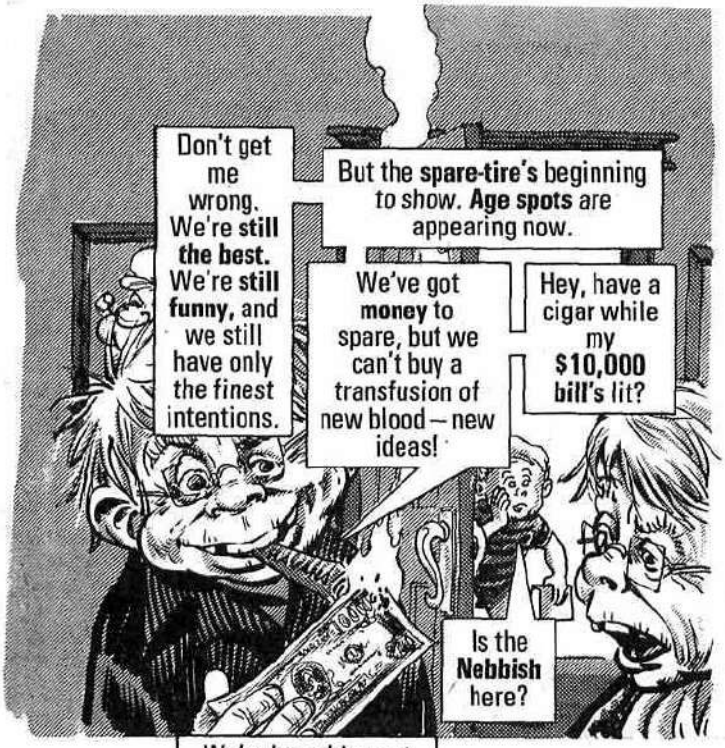
Plus **pictures, spin-offs.** Good for the old **pocketbook,** eh?

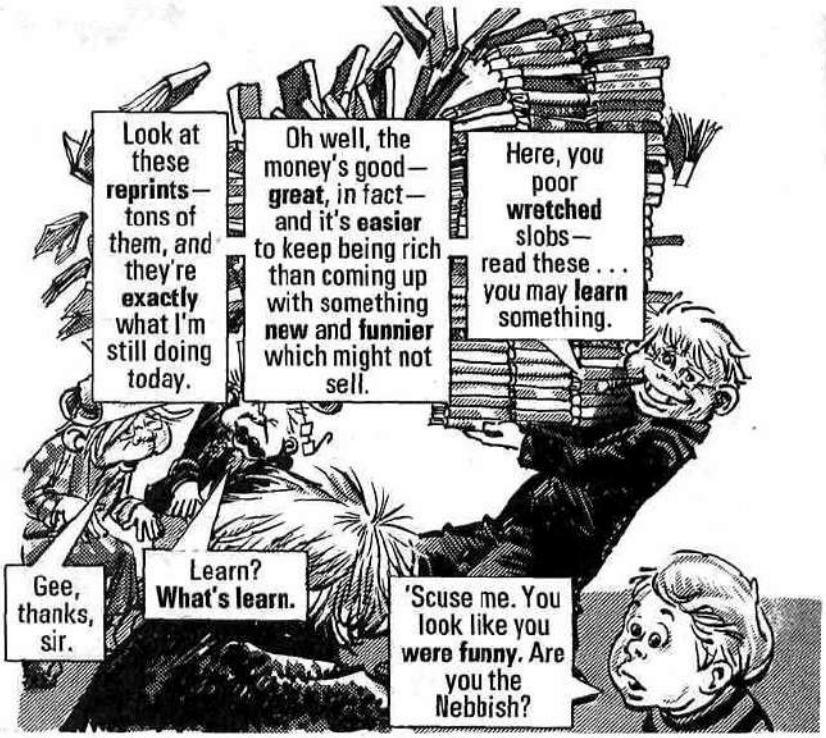
No wonder Warner Sisters **bought** me.

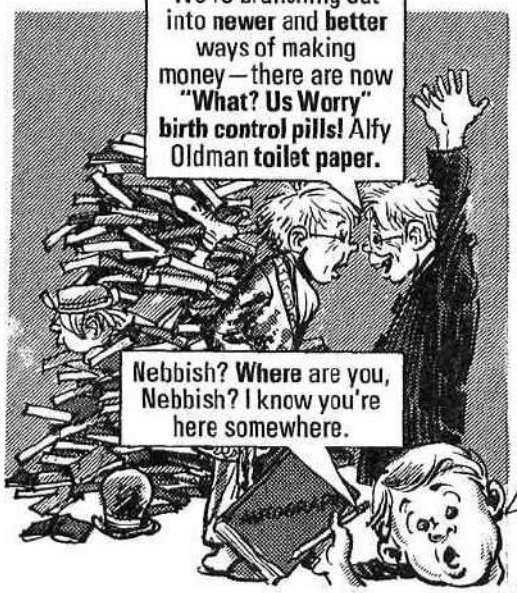
I was **once** like you, Neb— wherever you are **under** this makeup. I was once **brash, irreverant,** even **sick.**

No offense, fink. You **never** even came close.

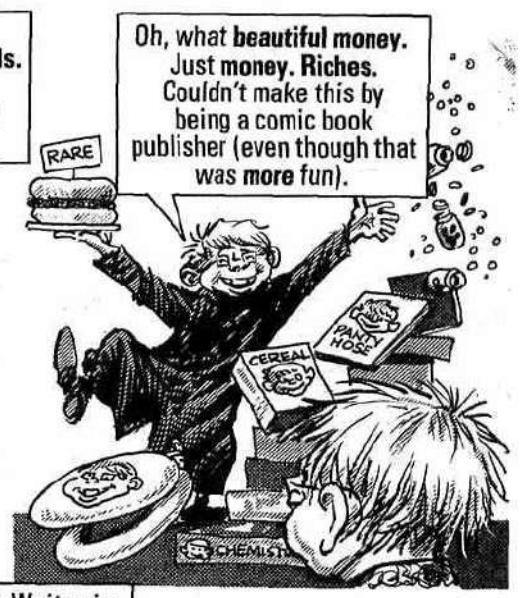
Ah, **complacent** middle-aged life . . . don't rock-the-boat. Don't-get-rid-of-old-bomb-features that even **we** don't find funny anymore.


Don't get me wrong. We're **still the best.** We're **still funny,** and we still have only the finest intentions.
But the **spare-tire's** beginning to show. **Age spots** are appearing now.
We've got **money** to spare, but we can't buy a transfusion of new blood—new ideas!
Hey, have a cigar while my **$10,000 bill's** lit?
Is the **Nebbish** here?


Look at these **reprints**—tons of them, and they're **exactly** what I'm still doing today.
Oh well, the money's good—**great,** in fact—and it's **easier** to keep being rich than coming up with something **new** and **funnier** which might not sell.
Here, you poor **wretched** slobs—read these . . . you may **learn** something.
Gee, thanks, sir.
Learn? **What's learn.**
'Scuse me. You look like you **were funny.** Are you the Nebbish?


We're branching out into **newer** and **better** ways of making money—there are now **"What? Us Worry" birth control pills!** Alfy Oldman **toilet paper.**
Nebbish? **Where** are you, Nebbish? I know you're here somewhere.

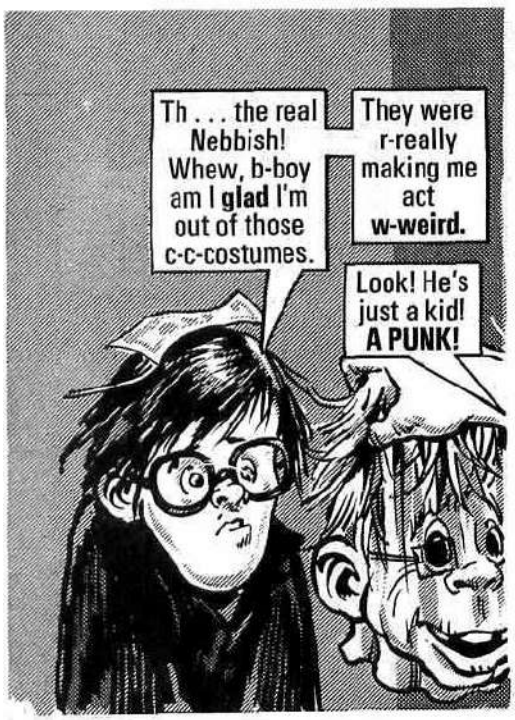
We're beginning a chain of **Oldman burgers, Clothes for Clods.** Soon we won't even **need** the magazine. We'll be raking it in with our funny money.
Come out, come out, **wherever** you are, Nebbish.

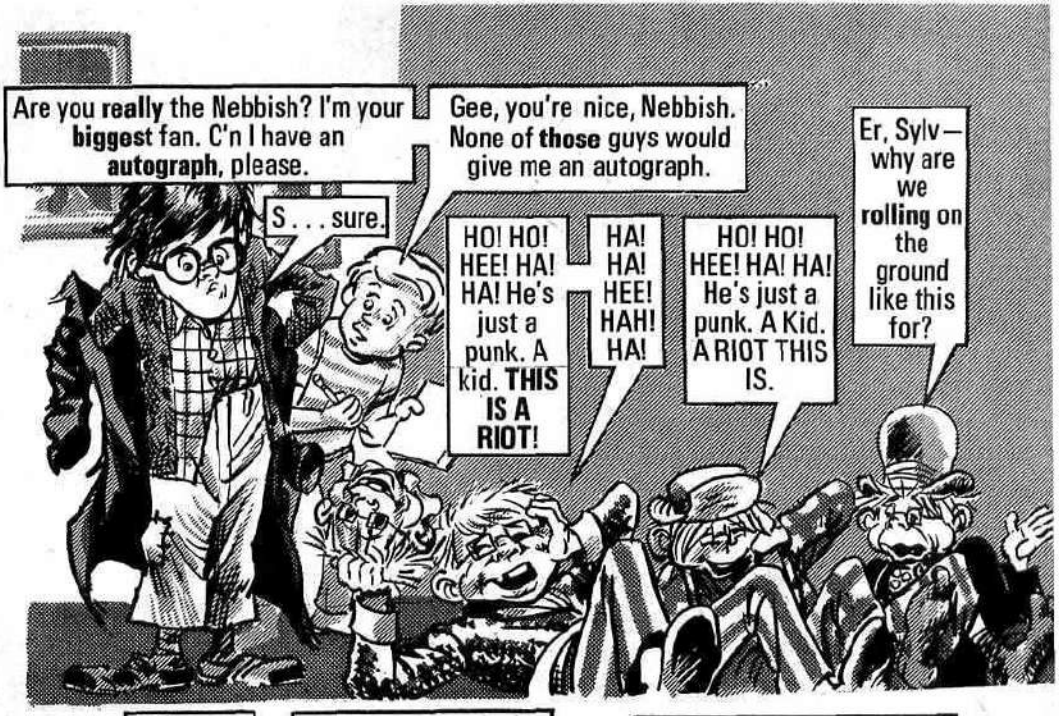

Oh, what **beautiful money.** Just **money. Riches.** Couldn't make this by being a comic book publisher (even though that was **more** fun).
RARE
CEREAL
PANTY HOSE
CHEMIST

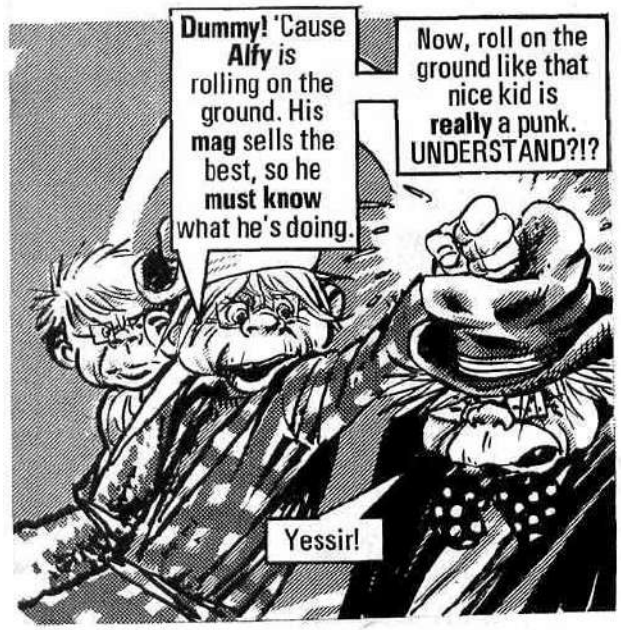
I'm in the money. Hey, I'm in the money.

Is that what **I've** become? Have I **sold** my soul for money rolls?
Can I have begun my long **plunge** from "King of the Mountain" to the "Uncle Scrooge" of the funny book set?
I think I'll go to my **penthouse** and cry.
Are **you** the Nebbish?
No, we're not even funny!

Waitaminnit! He's **not** me. I haven't done **any** of those things (why, the "What, Us Worry?" birth control deal hasn't even gone through, yet).
This isn't me. **This is . . .**

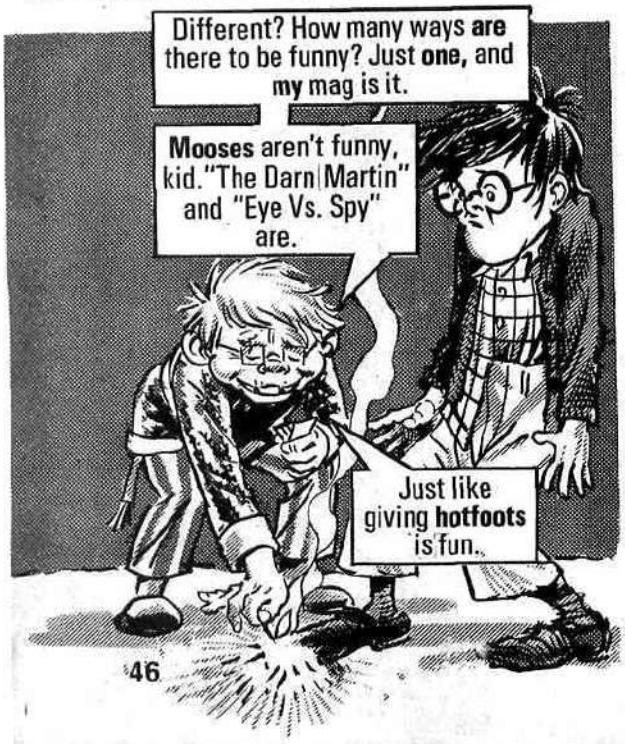

Th . . . the real Nebbish! Whew, b-boy am I **glad** I'm out of those c-c-costumes.
They were r-really making me act **w-weird.**
Look! He's just a kid! **A PUNK!**

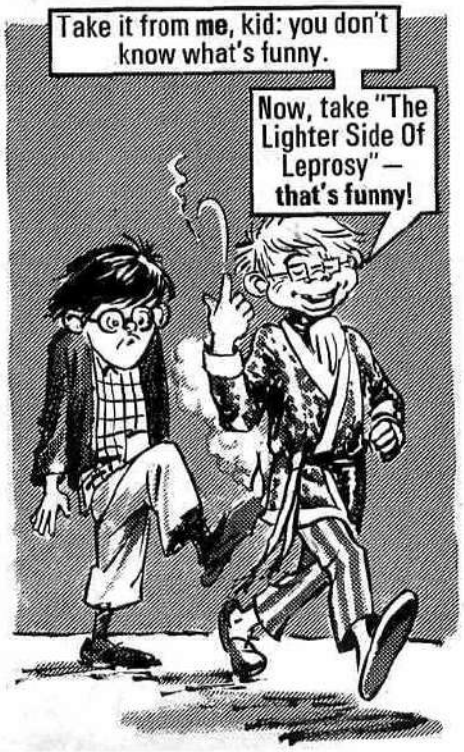

Are you **really** the Nebbish? I'm your **biggest** fan. C'n I have an **autograph**, please.
S . . . sure.
Gee, you're nice, Nebbish. None of **those** guys would give me an autograph.
HO! HO! HEE! HA! HA! He's just a punk. A kid. **THIS IS A RIOT!**
HA! HA! HEE! HAH! HA!
HO! HO! HEE! HA! HA! He's just a punk. A Kid. A RIOT THIS IS.
Er, Sylv— why are we **rolling** on the ground like this for?

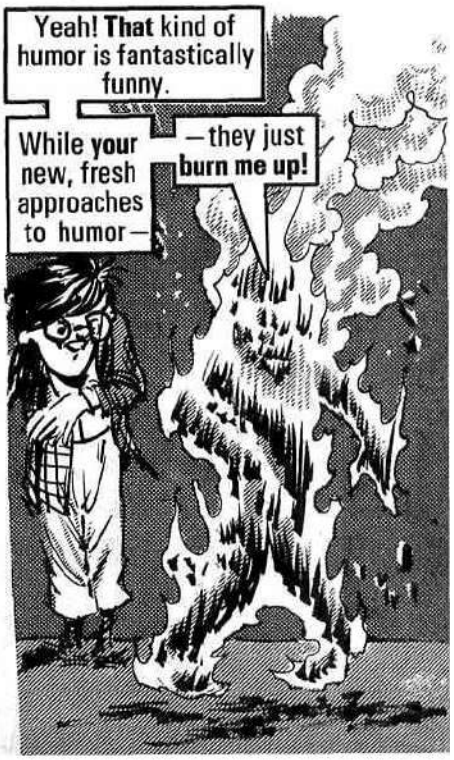

Dummy! 'Cause **Alfy** is rolling on the ground. His **mag** sells the best, so he **must know** what he's doing.
Now, roll on the ground like that nice kid is **really** a punk. UNDERSTAND?!?
Yessir!

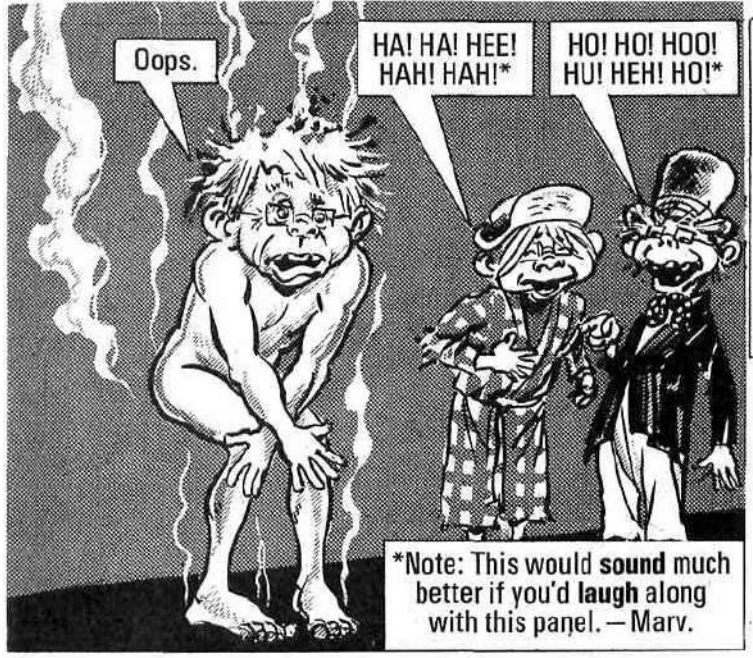
'Scuse me, but I **don't** know what's so funny. **Why** are you laughing?
Of course you don't know what's funny. You're a **young punk.** Not an old, senile **fool** like me.
You haven't **lived** long enough to know what's funny.
Or what's stale.

You kids are all alike. You think a **fresh new upstart** with good ideas can topple a giant . . . a major conglomerate of jokes. You can't be another me, kid.
I d-don't **want** to be another y-you, Sir. I want to be **different.**

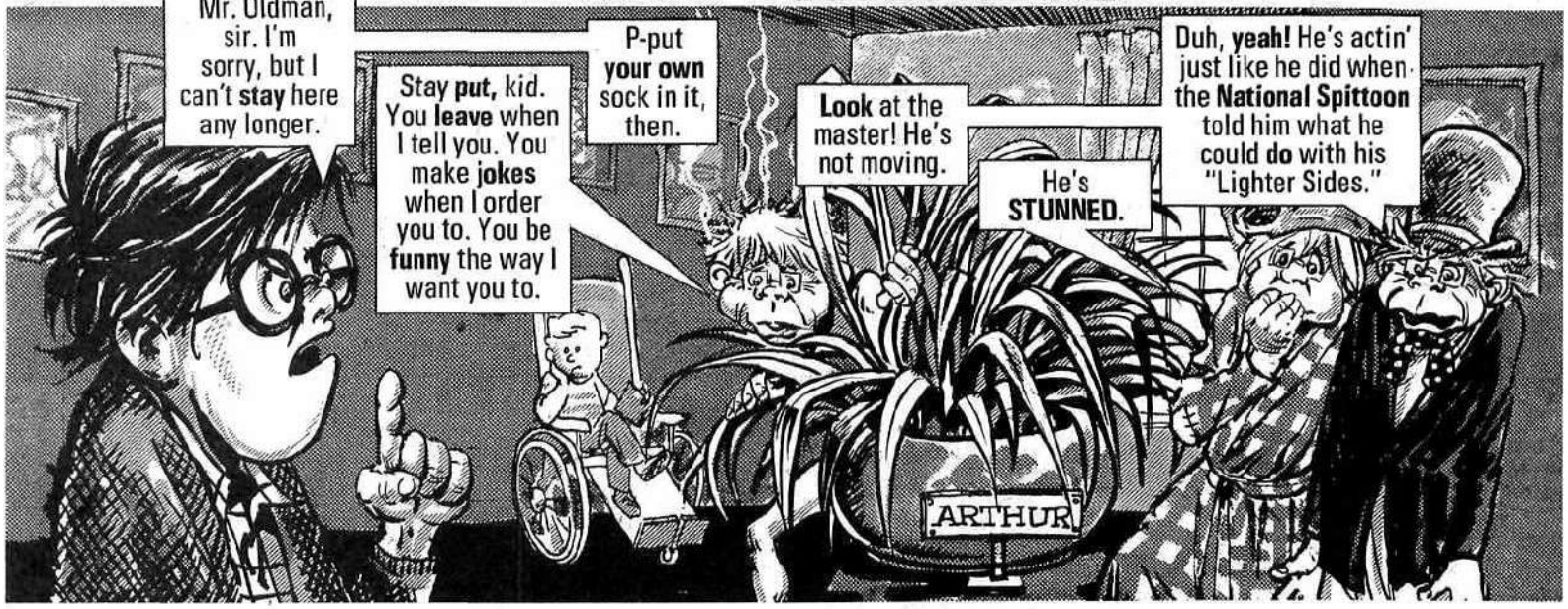

Different? How many ways **are** there to be funny? Just **one,** and **my** mag is it.
Mooses aren't funny, kid. "The Darn Martin" and "Eye Vs. Spy" are.
Just like giving **hotfoots** is fun.

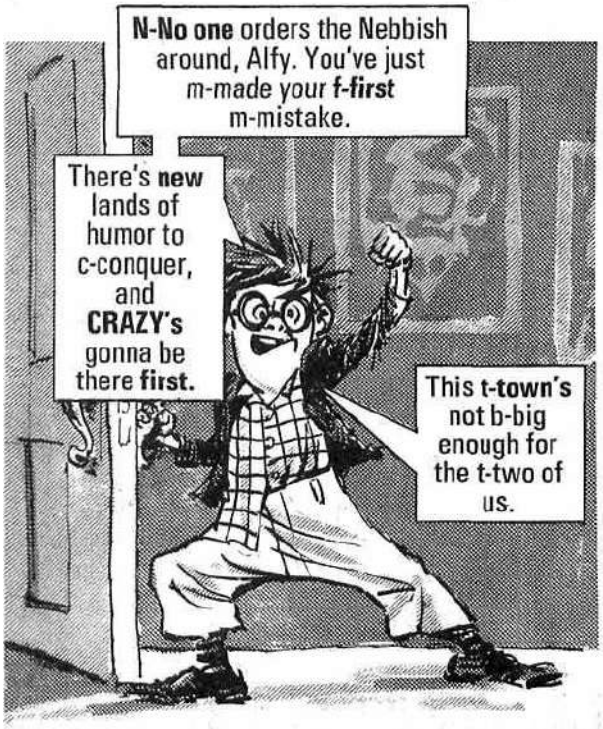

Take it from **me,** kid: you don't know what's funny.
Now, take "The Lighter Side Of Leprosy"— **that's funny!**


Yeah! **That** kind of humor is fantastically funny.
While **your** new, fresh approaches to humor—
—they just **burn me up!**


Oops.
HA! HA! HEE! HAH! HAH!*
HO! HO! HOO! HU! HEH! HO!*
*Note: This would **sound** much better if you'd **laugh** along with this panel. — Marv.

Put a **sock** in it you has beens. Now you, fink, **tell** me why you were laughing.
Seeing you **without** your clothes— now we **know** why you're so funny. H'yuk.
Very well, **C-Rations** for you clods for two issues. You can't **copy** any of my stuff or my **high-priced lawyers** will **sue** your ears off. Understand?
Yessir! Sorrysir!
That'll **teach 'em** for **laughing at me** . . . the host of America's **best-selling** humor mag.


Mr. Oldman, sir. I'm sorry, but I can't **stay** here any longer.
Stay **put,** kid. You **leave** when I tell you. You make **jokes** when I order you to. You be **funny** the way I want you to.
P-put **your own** sock in it, then.
Look at the master! He's not moving.
He's **STUNNED.**
Duh, **yeah!** He's actin' just like he did when the **National Spittoon** told him what he could **do** with his "Lighter Sides."
ARTHUR


N-No one orders the Nebbish around, Alfy. You've just m-made your **f-first** m-mistake.
There's **new** lands of humor to c-conquer, and **CRAZY's** gonna be there **first.**
This **t-town's** not b-big enough for the t-two of us.

He **left** . . . without even asking if he could **steal** my jokes.
You think maybe he **doesn't need** to steal old jokes, master.
How could **anyone** not want to steal my jokes. They're the very **best** jokes money can buy.
Duh, we know— we keep using them **over an' over**—an' no one ever notices.

Someone actually told you **off,** Alfy. Whataya gonna do?
Someone told me off. **Someone told me off. No-one's** ever told me off before.
I can't **cope** with that. I don't **know** what to do.
Quick, you—get me a **high-priced headshrinker.** I need **advice,** fast.
No! I don't need **anyone.** I'm **Alfred E. Oldman** —the very first humor host. I've got the **world** (as well as a stable of expensive writers) at my feet.
I can **fight** that upstart . . . **attack** him where it hurts.
You mean you're going to be **funnier** than he is.
Shhh! Don't go asking for the **impossible,** stupid.
That kid just **looked** *like a kid,* but he's **bright—fast.** He's no fool.
He's also **funnier** than us. I've **read** his book. Next month I'm gonna steal his **"Just Plain Folks"** bit.
Quiet, dolt! You wanna get the master **angry?** Only steal from **HIM.** Understand?
I'm gonna **fight** him, boys. I'm gonna **bury** him.
You mean you're gonna actually **work** for a change —try to be **funnier, newer, brasher?** *You're gonna* come up with the **first** new ideas you've had since **1959?** You're gonna get ridda all your **tired,** has-been features and **replace** them with bright new and funny ideas?
No, I'm too **lazy** *to do* that.
I'm gonna cheat!
Get me **Darn Martin**—I wanna find out if he can draw **Elks.** Elks are **funnier** than mooses.
THE COMPLETE FOLD INS
SPY IN YOUR EYE
MORE TRICKY LABELS
MORE & AGAIN
I knew you could be **better** than those foggies, Neb. I **knew** you were the greatest.
But don't **leave** me. Please.
Sorry, son, but I've g-got to put out the **next issue**—it's a whole new ballgame. And **I can't rest** my g-guard *for a moment,* 'cause **someone** out there will **always** try to be better than I am.
And if I want to be the **best,** I've got to **keep on working.**
Come back, Nebbish.
Come back!
No, don't leave me, Nebbish.
END

TV SHOWS THAT DRIVE YOU CRAZY

GROSS TIMES

WRITER: STU SCHWARTZBERG

ARTIST: MARIE SEVERIN

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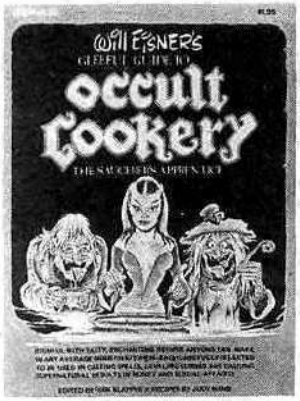

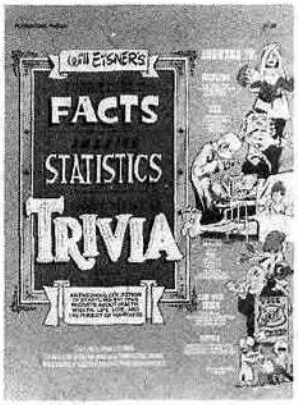

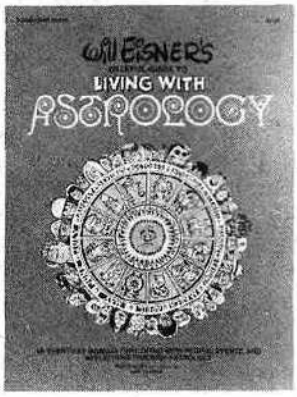

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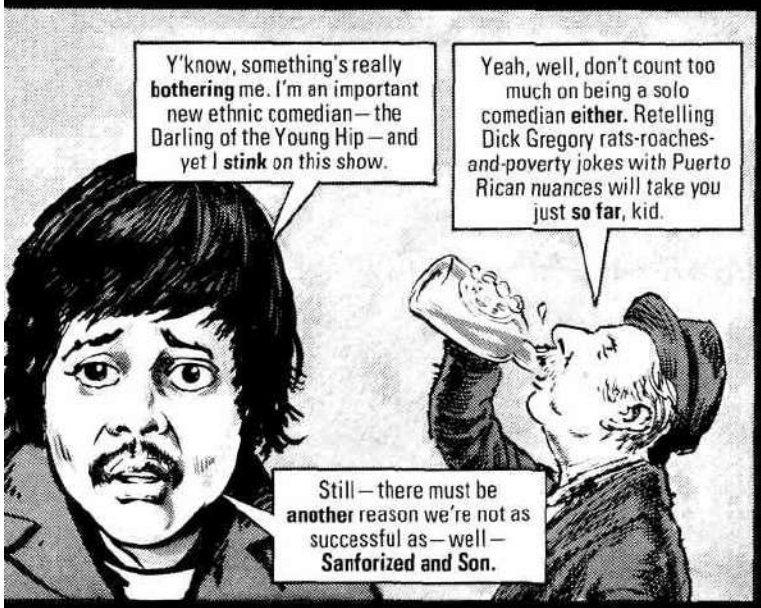
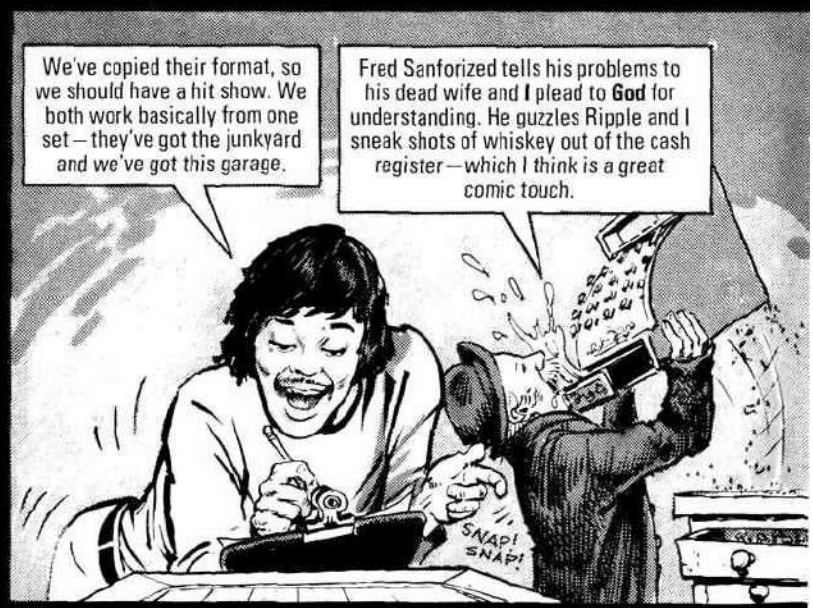
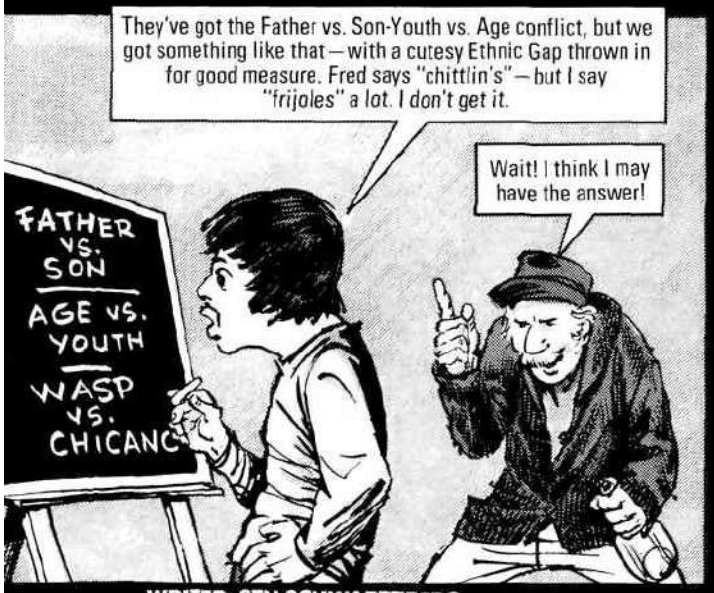
TV SHOWS THAT DRIVE YOU CRAZY

PABLO and the MAN







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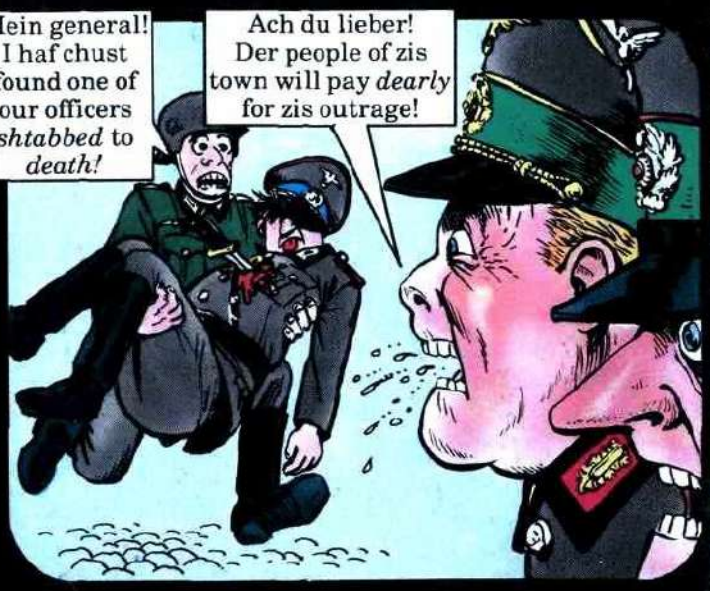

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